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Hard & Heavy

This issue, we take a look at the hardcore market in the UK. Did you know that hardcore porn is legally available in its R18 guise? Surprisingly, a lot of you don't seem to know much about it, but legal filth is out there – we're even marketing certain select products ourselves. We also hook up with Barry Calvert, one of the best-known swingers on the UK scene, to find out how he and his missus got into it, and take a trip to their club in Sheffield. And then there's the girls. Ah, the girls. As if we need to tell you about them!

David Spenser
Editor

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The letters are coming thick and fast – just like us when we get too excited. So who's been having sex with who this month? And which of our gorgeous models have grabbed your attention? Let's find out...

MAYFAIR MALE

WHO'S THAT GIRL?

In Mayfair Male Volume 38 Number 3, you have a photo of a succulent brunette wearing a red outfit, garters and heels with the title 'Show us some leg.' Who is she and which of your back issues, if any, has she appeared in? Has she made any porn films? I've got to see more of her, particularly her butthole, preferably with a cock in it.

Jack, email

The succulent brunette in question is Lucy, and the divine dark-eyed delight graced our pages in Volume 37 Number 12. She hasn't made any porn films as far as we're aware, but you never know what these girls get up to half the time. Should we uncover any more information we'll let you know. We'll also try our darndest to get hold of a video for ourselves!

MAKING THE BED

I work in a big furniture store where the most sexy thing that happens is when some woman bends over with a low-cut top on and you get a cheap thrill – and that's quite rare!

Some of the sales girls are quite nice, usually wearing tight skirts. One in particular, Jenny, has always stood out; medium height, shoulder-length hair, a nice pair of tits and a very shaggable arse. What makes her even more appealing is that she is a good laugh, always smiling and joking with everyone.

One time I was working the late shift and was taking a break having just put together the centre piece of the store – a kingsize four poster bed. That's when I heard Jenny call me.

When I found her she was lying across the bed in some very sexy underwear. I almost thought she was having a joke until she patted the space next to her on the bed. Next thing I know, we were kissing and rubbing our hands all over each other. She slipped her hands inside my trousers and fondled my hard cock, so in return I stuck my fingers down her knickers to feel her pussy.

She was already very wet down there, and she was quickly moaning and groaning.

It was then that I noticed a movement in the corner and I caught sight of somebody with a video camera. I knew it could only be Jenny's boyfriend and I was a bit annoyed thinking that she only wanted me for the video.

"I quickly came, filling her pussy with hot come"

I pulled her on top of me, slipping my hard cock up her swollen pussy, watching her breasts quiver with every thrust inside her. I slipped my hands down to her bum and pulled her cheeks apart, sticking a finger up her tight hole to give the boyfriend something to think about while filming. I quickly came, filling her pussy with hot come, and Jenny lay down on me, fingering her clit and not letting me stop fingering her ass until she had come herself.

We got dressed pretty quickly, as we were expecting the security staff to come on duty soon, and Jenny didn't say a lot and left. A few days later, she came up to see me at work, asking to see me in private. She explained that the video was indeed being filmed by her boyfriend, but that he had been more than a little upset, accusing her of getting carried away and enjoying it. She left him not long after all of this happened, and I'm happy to say the video is now our favourite film. We also bought the bed for our house!

N, Shropshire

SINGLE CREAM

I got divorced more than two years ago and I've not had much of a sex life since. I was in such a mess when I first separated that I swore I'd never get involved with another man as long as I lived. Naturally, this didn't last long, and I was soon asking friends to set me up but all to no avail. Unfortunately, all my girlfriends' marriages had held better than mine and their husbands and friends were all settled down and content. **The world was full of married people.**
Then, a couple of weeks ago, someone at work told me about this bar in town that ran a singles night in its basement ("where no-one could see the saddo losers," I said at the time) on the first Thursday of every month. It took only a few days for it to sink in that I was a saddo loser too, so come the next singles night I got all dressed up and went along.
A girlfriend of mine chaperoned me, but after half an hour of feeling awkward about being stared at by single guys while she had a boyfriend at home, she left me there alone. It was about this time that I got talking to a girl called Janice. She told me that she'd been coming to these things for years and that they were really more of a social evening than a chance to meet Mr Right. She then told me that about a dozen of them had become good friends and that they were going back to hers for drinks later. Then she invited me along.

"He pulled me onto the bed and slipped a couple of fingers inside me"

When we got to her place I noticed that we were evenly split between boys and girls and Janice confessed that she had an ulterior motive in inviting me back.
"We needed another girl to make up the numbers. I didn't say anything because I thought you might not want to play, but we have a little game we always finish the night on."
Janice explained that all the girls wrote their names on a little piece of paper and the guys drew them out of a hat to see who took who upstairs. She said that because I was new, I didn't have to play if I didn't want to, but the chance was there if I did.
I was shocked at first, but this soon melted when I saw the expectant look on her face. It was such an unbelievable suggestion, but then sometimes in life you just have to go with the wind to see where it takes you, so I agreed to play.

One by one, the guys drew out the names and disappeared upstairs with the girls. Mine appeared fourth in the hands of a guy called Jason who took me upstairs and told me to strip. I did as he said and nervously peeled out of my clothes as he did the same. It felt totally surreal to be baring my pussy to someone I'd only just met, and when he pulled me onto the bed and slipped a couple of fingers inside me, I could barely believe this was me doing it. It had been more than a while since I'd had sex so I let him take charge and do with me what he wanted.
I lay with my legs open while he pumped his digits in and out of my pink hole and licked all around my clit and soon the total intimacy of it started to really turn me on.
Maybe it was that fantasy about fucking a complete stranger, but I felt like such a dirty slut, capable of anything, so I scooted around the bed and positioned myself over his face so that I could suck on his cock while he licked me out. I took his great meaty length into my mouth and gulped up and down on it as he stuffed his face between my legs and tongued my fleshy folds. He had a big thick cock and I had to open wide to fit him in my mouth. I stroked my tongue all over his length and pumped him in and out of my lips as he licked me from pussy to bum and back again.
"Oh, that feels so nice," I gasped, pulling his prick from my mouth when I felt him push his long tongue into my depths. I wanked his cock and rubbed his balls, determined to give him as much filthy pleasure as he was giving me, then Jason pushed me off of him and got up behind me.
I reached a hand through my legs and guided his cock to my pussy, then Jason thrust forward when I had him between my lips.
I thrust back until I felt him hard up against my cheeks, then I began pushing and pulling my pussy off of his hard prick as he steadied me by the hips. It felt so absolutely wonderful to be having this unadulterated fuck. I didn't care who he was or whether I'd see him again, to me he was just a cock; a big, fat, wonderfully long cock and I was totally lost as I fucked him harder and harder, my orgasm slowly building.
Jason gripped my hips and pulled me back onto

"He drove into me one last time and filled my pussy with spunk"

his prick again and again, and suddenly I felt myself start to gush. It was only a gentle orgasm at first but the harder Jason fucked me, the more powerful my climax until I was biting the pillow to stifle my screams. At that moment, he drove into me one last time and filled my pussy with spunk. I moaned with pleasure as I felt his dick pumping inside me and a wonderfully warm feeling flooded through my loins.
I meet up with them regularly now every month and have been fucked by almost all the guys in the group. I don't feel dirty about it, though, as we're all waiting for the right person to come along. We're just having some fun with each other in the meantime. And there's nothing wrong with that.
Jackie, Stoke

page 30 ▶

IT'S A CLASSIC

I am writing to express my appreciation of the Mayfair classic photoshoot of Barbara in Volume 38 Number 7. I have been a reader of Mayfair since the early days and I remember Barbara's photoshoot very well. The memories came flooding back as I looked at her pictures. I will look forward to seeing more Mayfair classic photoshoots in the future.
May I make one small suggestion? How about printing a few articles on famous models of the past such as Betty Page and Mary Millington? I am sure a lot of your older readers would appreciate it.
Robert, Leicestershire
There's nothing like a trip down memory lane, especially when the lane is paved with stunning-looking women. As for articles on glamour girls of old, what do other readers think? Is this the kind of thing you'd like to see?

Some men just love to see a girl smoking, and Bobbi certainly raises the temperature when she lights one up. So much so, we got through about five packs of ciggies while watching her shoot, just so we could offer relentlessly offer her one. Alas, Bobbi is no mug, and while declining our smokes she also declined our offer of free drinks, food, and accommodation for the night. Still, she was keen to offer her thoughts on why men love to see models smoking: "Usually, it's because the girl isn't wearing much." Hmm… she might have a point.

Bobbi

Age: 24Vital Stats: 36C-32-33
Photographer: Suze Randall

Five years ago, buying a hardcore movie in the UK was a mammoth task. Now, with the R18 rules in place, adults can actually purchase legal hardcore. ANDY KOCH investigates...

Certifiable Stuff

"Charles Endell, Esq. – camel-hair-coated Scots sex-shop proprietor from the 1970s TV series Budgie starring Adam Faith – you stand accused by this pretend court of somehow contravening, in manner or manners unknown, possibly even to you, 21st Century R18 certification laws pertaining to pornographic videos and DVDs as they relate to recent amendments in the Obscene Publications Act, initially passed by Parliament two decades before the invention of film or recording cylinders, when right-thinking people quite properly bathed in the dark so as not to catch sight of their own genitalia... how do you plead?"

"Absolutely baffled, M'Lud, may it please the Home Secretary."

Thanks to his happy status as a fictional character, Charlie Endell would, of course, be able to avoid any such imaginary judicial ordeal simply by administering, "a friendly tap in the guts" to anyone interfering with his business, not excluding umpty Customs personnel and Peelers.

For the rest of us – not only we British-resident porn punters, but British producers, distributors, retailers, and even performers – the Restricted 18 classification as interpreted, rather than defined, by the British Board of Film Classification (BBFC) is a very real and hazardous maze, with unexpected legal rat-traps liable to pop up and snap the goolies off of anyone who falls foul of the classification's intrinsic ambiguity and the subjective manner in which it is frequently policed (by the same people Charlie Endell tapped in the guts).

The "R18" film category is a special and legally restricted classification primarily for explicit videos depicting consenting sex between adults. As the Law presently stands, such videos may be supplied, as our box covers tell us, to persons aged 18 or over only in licensed sex shops... of which there are currently only about 250 in the UK. R18 flicks, at the time of writing, may not be supplied by mail order. However, to make matters worse, the Local Government (Miscellaneous Provisions) Act, 1982, gives local authorities the power to insist that sex shops and cinemas within their jurisdiction are licensed, and many have used these powers either to ban such enterprises altogether or simply to limit their number and location. The nationwide scarcity of licensed sex shops and the governmental mail order ban necessarily makes production and distribution of R18 fare a somewhat iffy commercial proposition.

And that's to say nothing of the restraints placed upon film content. The sale of porn movies is governed by the Obscene Publications Act. Whilst this is notoriously open to interpretation, the various law enforcement agencies of the UK have all adopted the BBFC R18 guidelines as their benchmark for determining what material is liable to prosecution.

Films depicting aroused genitalia; masturbation; oral-genital contact including kissing, licking and sucking; penetration by finger, penis, tongue, vibrator or dildo; non-harmful fetish material; group sexual activity; people of either sex enjoying a pish outwith the course of a sex act, and blokes firing fuck-juice, are now ostensibly kosher.

More extreme content leaves the supplier or importer liable to prosecution. Having a slash during a sex act is banned. Vaginal and anal fisting is regarded by The Powers That Be as a straightforward case of punching someone up the cunt and arse (so, obviously, just not on). Coercive sex is another major no-no, even if

merely simulated, as is heavy sado-masochistic fare involving extreme bondage, pain and torture. Also actionable is that old farmyard favourite in which the socially acceptable bounds of animal husbandry are exceeded, together with images showing people taking dumps on one another (a practice often called "scat").

What you can watch, then, is good old fashioned hardcore porn. In other words, grown up ladies and men doing it. Hurrah. Legally. In this country. Good Lord!

Exceptionally successful glamour photographer and veteran producer of upmarket British porn films, Viv Thomas – of VivThomas.com Productions and Rolling Images Ltd – is one of the most high-profile figures involved in making and marketing legal quality adult product to confess to feeling penalised by what they believe to be an unjust and patently absurd situation. "Legalising porn, certified R18, only through licensed sex shops is a joke," he says bluntly.

"As UK-based producers, we are only legally able to sell our titles through licensed sex shops and only after we have had them BBFC'd. The BBFC [certification] does not come cheap – normally adding approximately £1,200 to the cost of producing each new title."

PHOTOS: VIVTHOMAS.COM, FROM 'REALITY PORN' (R18)

But it's far from merely the additional expense involved which irks him.

"It's now legal for a private punter to purchase porn of any description from Europe and the USA," he adds. "Importing it into the country via the Royal Mail is quite legal. No more nasty letters from Customs telling you that your filth has been seized and will be destroyed within 30 days. Yet overseas producers don't require to have their titles classified by the British Board of Film Classification to sell them to private individuals in the United Kingdom. And imported material will invariably have this [illegal content] in it."

Viv Thomas again: "To ensure that we can sell our titles to our punters, we have had to set up a distribution out of Holland. The Dutch operation now pays me a royalty to be able to send my titles back into the UK for me and they make the bulk of the profit. The joke is that the authoring, duplication and postage into the UK is all cheaper and quicker from Holland!

"Then there's the Internet, which has made an absolute mockery of the UK's antiquated laws. Protecting kids from this stuff is a serious concern. Kids who have reached puberty are interested in sex and you are not going to stop them: they all know how to use a computer and 90% have access to the Net. Does the Government honestly think that they don't get to the sex sites? There are absolutely thousands of free sites and some with the most extreme material imaginable, that any 12-year-old can get to whenever they want.

"At some stage, somebody has to come up with a solution to police the net. I would be quite happy to know that the Government had set up something to try and solve this problem. Why spend tax payers' money on ancient porn laws, when they should be looking to the future, which is the Net?

'The TV satellite laws are every bit as crazy. They've relaxed the R18 but you're still not allowed to see hardcore pay-to-view TV in the privacy of your own home. This said, if the authorities think they are protecting kids by restricting adult material on satellite they are out of their minds. Just how difficult is it to nick the old man's videos and watch them whilst the folks are at work? To say nothing of simply visiting Europe and returning with a decoder for the European adult channels."

Thus the options for the British porn flick consumer are far more extensive than for those who produce home-grown porn and their distributors.

Even so, the existing R18 rules have failed to quell movie-makers' and distributors' enthusiasm to produce hardcore movies in the United Kingdom for the home market.

New on the British porn production scene is Relish, which distributes all-British hardcore in a witty, tongue-in-cheek style: hence the name of the production company for which Relish acts as distributor: Tongue In Cheek Pictures. Though the venture is only a year old, Tongue In Cheek has already produced 10 movies and is now releasing one a month, matching the prolific output of the notorious Ben Dover, whose distinctive "English-Roses-thoroughly-deflowered" style camcorder, cunnilingus and cock-up-the-crapper slice-of-life videos are a force to be reckoned with in the American market, let alone here at home.

Tongue In Cheek's Head of Production, Max Pepper, is adamant that because the British market differs fairly dramatically from the American one in terms of what turns consumers on, R18 certification as it stands is something which Relish can work with. "Some people believe that humour and porn don't mix," he says. "I believe it works and works well, which explains why we've generated a cult following in such a short time."

Another even more recently emergent company is vocally eager to work with the R18 certification. Rude Britannia, which distributes home-grown product to licensed sex shops, is helmed by Spencer Barnett.

"There are around 32 different distributors of adult product in the UK," he explains, "and by and large the vast majority of that product comes from the USA. Companies buy up the Rights to sell R18 versions of existing American tapes and DVDs and then re-edit the masters to suit this market. On top of that, you've got all of the unlicensed sex shops – which we don't deal with – punting out illegal hardcore material.

"We started Rude Britannia in January this year, and it has only really existed as a supplier of adult films since June, but our game plan couldn't be clearer: to supply quality British product to British buyers and help ensure that the illegal stuff has no place in the UK. British adult movie consumers want to see mucky British girls in action; that's precisely what we're giving them.

"We also work in a totally different way to most other companies. We don't shoot 'our own' productions: we sign producers to distribution deals. So far, we've 17 UK producers on board, from John Mason (a.k.a. Johnny Rebel) and One-Eyed Jacks right through to Marino, and Anjali, the Asian swinger who writes for *Mayfair*. Our latest signing is Joanna Jet, one of the UK's only transsexual performers.

"We're only interested in doing things legally," he adds, "and that means complying with the R18 guidelines. So far, none of our producers has batted an eyelid at that, because they know the home market is gagging for quality adult entertainment. We work very closely with the British Board of Film Classification and have a great relationship with them. They see what we're trying to do, and I think that the bulk of people involved in the business in this country agree with our viewpoint.

"Our long term ambition is to see the overwhelming majority of product changing hands in the UK being British-made. After all, we've got a hell of a lot of talent here that deserves exposure."

The final word should, perhaps go to commentator David McGillivray: "The essential vagueness of the Obscene Publications Act… is seen by some as the proper law for the British people. 'It's an unsatisfactory compromise, but it's better than going to one extreme or the other,' a Crown Court judge explained to me. 'We're basically a tolerant society. We don't care to follow any particular strict rule-book, but just to do things on an ad hoc basis, case by case… without really understanding where we're going.'"

Adrianna

Always wanting to know what our models look for in their men (mainly to see if our scruffy selves fit the bill), we asked Adrianna what male qualities spin her wheel. "I don't like wusses," she said, bluntly. "Men have got to learn that fawning over a woman is just very dull. The whole thing of buying a girl flowers, writing love poems, telling her she's beautiful all the time... it's just so predictable. I like men to be mysterious." And how about scruffy? "But never scruffy." Ah...

Age: 22 **Vital Stats:** 38C-29-35
Photographer: Steve Colby

ADRIANNA

See the RUDER Pictures
we couldn't print only at:
MAYFAIR X
www.sexclub.co.uk/mayfairx

Log on to www.lachambre.biz , and you'll find the online home of Barry and Marie Calvert, Britain's most celebrated swingers, and proprietors of the famous Sheffield adult club 'La Chambre'. A couple ripe for questioning indeed...

They'd Like To Teach The World To Swing!

Q. When did you both get into the scene?
A. *Barry*: Around 1980, when swinging was known as wife-swapping, and the scene was much harder to get into than it is today. There were no television programmes on the subject, no books to bone up with, and no websites. We bought a monthly contact magazine, placed an advertisement... then waited.

Q. So what prompted you to go for it?
A. We'd been married for 10 years at the time, and our sex life had become a little stale. We loved each other and didn't want to have affairs, but we did want to widen our sexual experiences; so in a way swinging was the next logical step.

Q. Who suggested it first, and what was the other's reaction?
A. *Marie*: Barry was the first to suggest it; then he left the subject alone. I was the one to carry on thinking about it. By the time we placed our first ad, we were both equally enthusiastic.

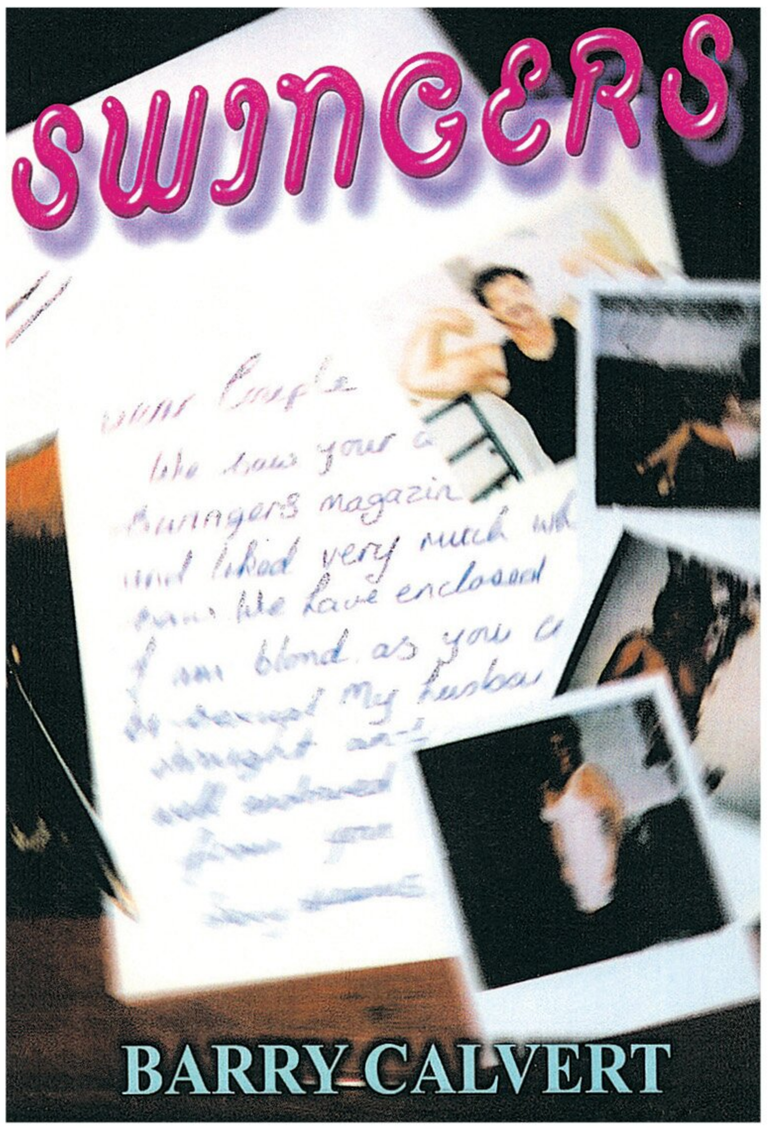
Q. You've both obviously enjoyed the lifestyle. But was there ever a time when you questioned your decision to become swingers or felt tempted to give it up?
A. *Barry*: In the early days we had a very bad experience which almost stopped us swinging, but we continued and have never looked back. I suppose we were naïve and vulnerable in those early sessions, but we soon learned to look after ourselves and became a little more streetwise. There are some wonderful people out there, but there also a few bad ones who will take their pleasures without worrying about the feelings of others.
Marie: Luckily, these kinds of people are few and far between, but it doesn't hurt to be on your guard.

Q. Were you aware of your bi-sexuality before you began swinging?
A. *Marie*: Being with a woman was something I fantasised about for many years, but never really talked about until we began swinging. Now it's as natural as having sex with a man – though I still need to fancy the woman, just the same as I need to fancy the guys. My first bi experience was at [a private house owned and frequented by swingers] called Blockley Manor, with a girl named Georgina. I was nervous as hell, but Georgina led the way and we were soon in a world of our own. Don't get me wrong, I still love a good stiff prick, but the touch and feel of a woman is something totally different and no man, however gentle he may be, can compete with the delicate touch of another woman.

"Some girls will have multiple partners"

Q. Barry, what was your initial reaction?
A. *Barry*: Are you kidding?! It's every man's dream to see two women making love. When I first saw Marie with another woman, it was easily the most erotic thing I'd ever witnessed.

Q. Any amusing incidents you've had along the way?
A. *Barry*: To be honest, we've had so many amusing times, but one that still makes us smile is when we were asked by our friends Danny and Sue to help them house-sit a huge, posh house in the Lake District.
Marie: The owners were having a week away and wanted someone at the house for security reasons. It was the middle of summer, and, the first night, the weather being so hot, we decided to have a dip in the indoor swimming pool.



Barry: We'd been on the vino and were all a bit tipsy; Danny suggested all four of us should go for a naked romp through the grounds. We immediately began chasing the girls over the manicured lawns and through the ornately laid-out gardens when, suddenly, the whole area was illuminated by the most incredibly powerful security lights.
Marie: It was like standing in the middle of a football pitch with all the floodlights on. Then, out of nowhere, we sere surrounded by a dozen security men with dogs!

PHOTOS BY JOHN MASON. ALL PICS TAKEN AT LA CHAMBRE

Barry: It took some explaining before they let us go back to the house! We did, eventually, have a good laugh… and even invited one of the security guards back later so the girls could have their wicked way with him.

Q. In your book 'Swinging', there's an extremely entertaining chapter about "dogging". What is dogging and how did you and Marie get into it?
A. *Barry*: Dogging is basically couples performing a variety of sexual acts for single men (known as 'doggers'), in the open air. Sometimes the men are invited to join in the fun, but mostly they are voyeurs and get their kicks from watching.
We got into it after we had been swinging for around four years and were looking for something a little different.
Marie: Out-of-the-way car parks are usually a favourite location, and it's not unusual these days to find 50 or 60 singles and 30 or more couples in some of the bigger dogging sites.

"The record for most men in one night for a single girl currently stands at 100!"

Q. So have you noticed many significant changes in the scene since you started?
A. *Marie*: There have been huge changes over the years. The scene's much bigger and far more organised.
Barry: Also, the average age of swingers is much younger than it used to be, and swinging itself is much more socially acceptable.
Marie: It's almost fashionable to be a swinger.

Q. What made you decide to open La Chambre?
A. *Barry*: Basically because Marie and I had seen the state of the club scene in Britain, and knew we could do better. Why should people have to put up with seedy back-street venues just because they enjoy a liberated lifestyle? La Chambre presently has over 10,000 members – making us easily the biggest club in the country. We open every Friday for singles and couples; on Saturdays it's couples only. We also run a monthly fetish night and a monthly bi night.

Q. On your website, the list of facilities includes five themed "playrooms". Could you please describe these?
A. *Barry*: The playrooms have large raised platforms, wall-to-wall, and are fully upholstered. Each can accommodate around 20 people; they also have viewing windows for the voyeur. As to the themes, there's The Kama Sutra Room, The Arabian Nights room, The Mirrored Room, The Boudoir Room, and the Manhattan Skyline Room – which many of our members also call The Dark Room.

Q. And what about the 'dungeon'?
A. *Barry*: The Dungeon is a very popular part of the club, especially on our DV8 [fetish] night. Marie is very much into the bondage scene and loves demonstrating her prowess with her whips and cane. She also has a tessler – which is an electronic stimulation device that's proved to be very popular with the ladies.

Q. You mentioned that Friday nights are for couples and singles. Are there more male than female singles?
A. *Marie*: Always. The girls who come on these nights are mainly with their partner, but they're looking to have fun with the singles. The partner either watches or joins in.
Barry: Some girls will have multiple partners – perhaps 10 or 12 guys. The record for most men in one night for a single girl currently stands at 100! The main rule of the night is that the girls are in charge: they say who, when, and how many.

Q. Are gay and lesbian couples also welcome?
A. *Barry*: We run special, but regular, monthly parties for bi couples and singles. Of course, most of the girls are bi anyway – but a guy who is bi can sometimes be frowned upon at the regular parties, so we have the monthly bi nights. Which puts everyone at ease.

Q. Any plans to establish another club, perhaps nearer London?
A. *Marie*: We're hoping to open La Chambre 2 in Southern England within the next year. The original is by far the best known club in the land and swingers everywhere know it stands for high standards and professionalism. We've been featured on all the major television networks, and the fact Barry has written the book demonstrates we're not exactly afraid to stand up and be counted.
Barry: We're not ashamed of what we do or the life we live. In fact, we believe if more people became swingers the world would be a better place.

"We're not ashamed of what we do or the life we live"

Barry Calvert's book 'Swingers' is out now on the Chimera label priced £7.99.

"Penny for your thoughts," that's what they say, and when thinking about Penny our thoughts are truly very rude indeed! Perhaps it's the pretty brunette's giggly attitude that drew us toward her, or her sense of adventure that got us so excited. Or perhaps it was because she has such an incredibly hot bod, and she isn't shy about bending over all over the place and showing it to the world. Yes, that was probably it.

Penny

Age: 20Vital Stats: 39C-25-34
Photographer: Earl Miller

PENNY

They seek him here, they seek him there, the Inland Revenue seek him everywhere. Is he in Devon, is he in Hull, no he's pissed-up under a table in Soho. Yes, welcome back to technobabble hell with your host JAMES SAINT...

21st Century Toys

I think it was renowned writer and technophile Douglas Adams who once said: "Jesus, my heart!" Which was uncharacteristic of him as, prior to this point, he only ever made clever and humourous observations about life and never, ever keeled over and died of a heart attack. Still, people change. And by 'people' I mean other people. For when Take That sang 'Everything Changes But You', it was me they were talking about.

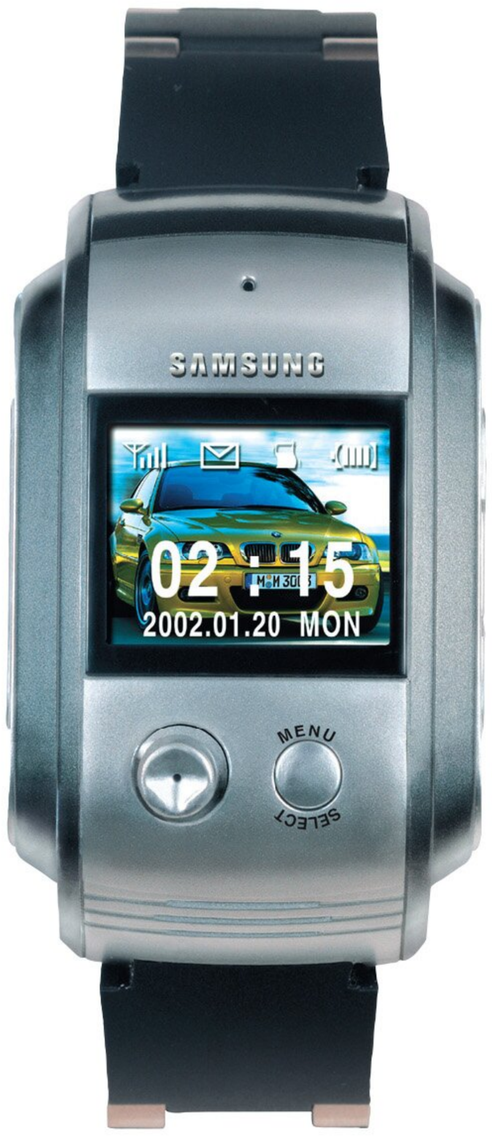
Yes, I'm a creature of habit – set in my ways, if you will. But then, I don't have to change – I have technology to do it for me. Take a look at this splendid offering of spankingly new gadgetry for example. It's a brave new world, indeed. So stay inside where it's safe and play with your toys!

Philips ProtoPro ▶
Price: £750
0870 900 9070
www.pronto.philips.com

Ha ha ha ha ha! Ah ha ha ha ha! £750 for a remote control! Ah ha ha ha ha ha! You're serious, aren't you? Yes, dagnamit! This is no ordinary remote control... only a fool would think it was, and I pity the fool. For this is the Philips ProntoPro, a universal remote control. What does that mean? Well, my inquisitive chum, it means that, unlike conventional wands, this remote can control every remotely controllable device in your home! With its 256-colour LCD touchscreen, you can simply download the infrared codes for all your kit into the ProtoPro's capacious memory, and then simply ditch all your old remotes. Clever, no?

What's more, if you're both extremely rich and techie, this remote can also be used to control things such as motorised blinds, windows, projectors and screens – indeed, anything automated.

Just imagine: you'd never have to get off your corpulent backside again. £750 for a life of utter sloth? It's worth twice as much!

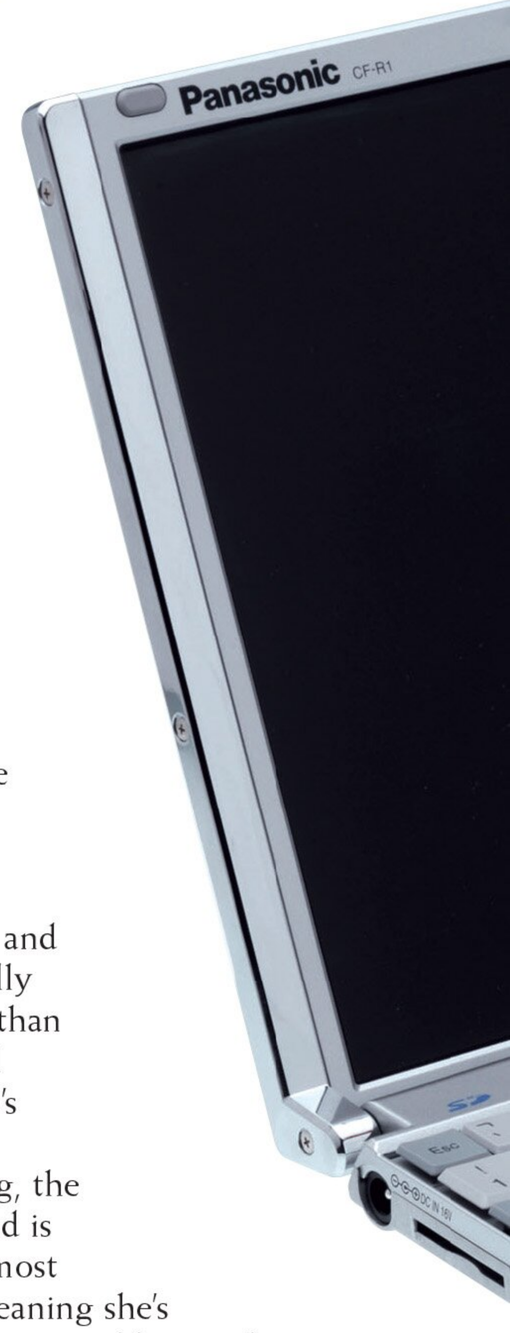


◀ Samsung GPRS Wristwatch Phone
Price: TBA
08000 722242
www.samsungelectronics.co.uk

Remember when you were a child and you used to play spy games with your mates, hiding in bushes and pretending to talk to some contact through your watch? No, then clearly you had no imagination and are probably an estate agent or some other kind of blight on society. But, turning back to those who did play at spies – that kind of behaviour was acceptable before you hit your teens, but is frowned upon now you're in your 30s and 40s, stumbling around late at night dowsed in alcohol. Or at least it is, unless you have one of these...

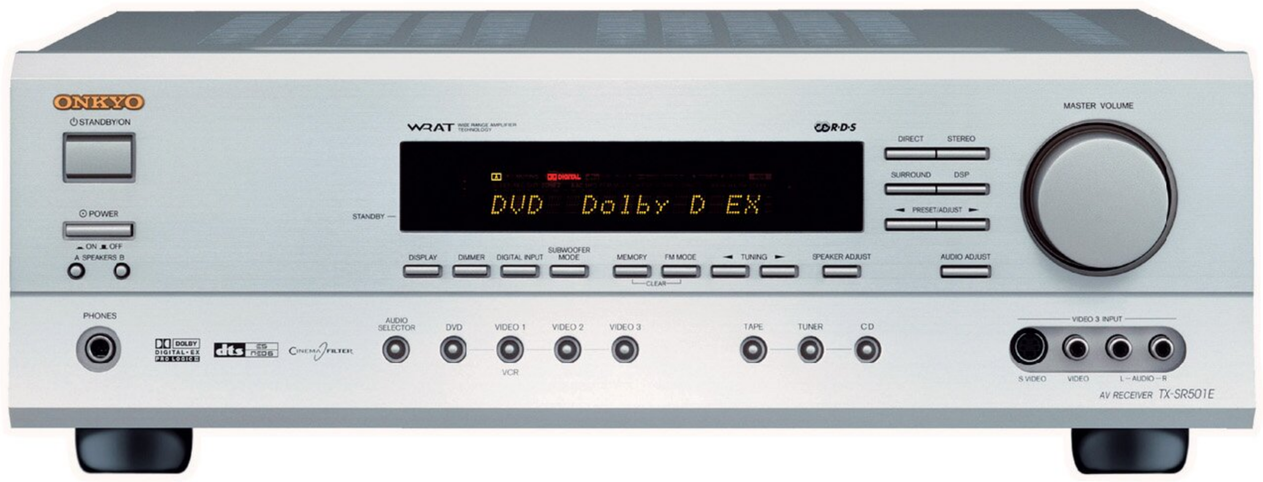
The remarkable new GPRS Wristwatch from Samsung. Comprising all your childish technology fantasies rolled into one, this natty piece of wrist adornment does exactly what is says on the tin (note: it doesn't actually come in a tin): it is a Class 10 GPRS phone (the cream of the crop) that offers 90-minutes of talk time, 80-hours of standby time, can surf the Internet, features voice activated dialling, has a built-in phone book, 40 polyphonic ring-tones options and even supports Bluetooth, MMS and speakerphone technology – and by 'supports' I mean it actually attends the matches, rather than just watching the occasional game in the pub when there's nothing else on.

With a weight of just 80g, the Samsung even looks cool and is bound to impress even the most technically-wise of totty (meaning she's learnt how to text). What more could you ask for? Available at the end of the year.



Onkyo TX-SR501E(S) ▶
Price: TBA
Contact: 0178 857 3100
www.onkyo.co.uk

Once upon a time in the magical kingdom of Steveville near Crewe, lived an enchanted prince called Steve. Steve lived in a semi-detached castle in Steveville and was the only resident in the entire kingdom to have a mono-radio… he was also the only person in Steveville to refer to it as Steveville. As time went by, Prince Steve upgraded to a stereo hi-fi system with bass (2.1) and, ultimately, to a 5.1 Surround Sound system. Then Prince Steve died of a venereal disease. But, as he lay there, encased in soothing lotion, he was content since he'd always been at the cutting edge of audio technology. Except he hadn't. The gormless fuckwit had missed out on the birth of 6.1 surround sound while he was out in Thailand contracting death.



Yes, mortals, tremble with fear! Just bought your first 5.1 home cinema surround sound system? Well, guess what? It's out of date!

What you need now is this: the Onkyo TX-Sr501E 6-channel AV-Receiver. Offering not just old fashioned 5.1 sound (5 satellite speakers – centre, front left, front right, rear left, rear right) and subwoofer, the Onkyo 6.1 receiver now gives you the option of a rear centre speaker! Why do you need it? Well, erm, if you need to ask, you must be an absolute spazmo, that's why!

Compatible with all Surround formats, the Onkyo has also been made largely idiot-proof, offering an 'Easy-set' speaker configuration and colour-coded outputs. So, even if you're the worst drooling semi-retard doing the rounds, you shouldn't have too much of a problem. Plus, as an added bonus for people thinking of tinkering with new Surround Sound music formats DVD-Audio and Super Audio CD, the Onkyo has the inputs available for plug 'n' play.

Add to this a slick, brushed aluminium front and a 35 segment fluorescent dot-matrix display and, piff paff puff, it's as sexy as it is clever… just like me. So, buy one now or prepare yourself to be mocked openly by scruffy ragamuffins in the street. You have been warned.

Pentax Digibino DB100 ▶
Price: £300
01753 792731
www.pentax.co.uk

There's some shit on TV these days. Take ITV's abysmal *Ultimate Force* for example with chubby Ross Kemp pretending to be the head of an elite SAS squad. To quote the line his piss poor character, Henno, bellows every five minutes, "That's Bollocks!"

But, something that the SAS might be interested in is the Digibino DB100 from Pentax. Imagine, if you will, a pair of binoculars crossed with a digital camera. Go on, try. Got it? Marvellous – and that's what we have here.

Unlike conventional binoculars, everything is delivered at 7x magnification which, let's face it, is great… unless you don't want to look at something at 7x magnification. But, that aside, as a digital camera, the DB100 is very impressive. With three image types on offer and 16Mb of in-built memory, you can store 100 'surveillance' pics at 1024x768 using the best option for printed pics. Reduce the quality, however and you can squeeze in 150 shots. Finally, if you merely want images for the Internet, then you can store a whopping 300 pics.

PC connection is achieved via USB and, sexiest of all, the DB100 even features a unique LCD display on top. So, while the DB100 might not be the finest binoculars around, the digital camera is not to be sneezed at and, in justification of my opening gambit, these would appeal to member of the SAS because even the SAS take holiday snaps, too. Now leave me alone.

◀ Panasonic CF R1 Toughbook
Price: £1,319
0870 535 7357
www.panasonic.co.uk

I guess most people aren't interested in the kind of laptop that starts rucks in bars for no apparent reason or, like Henno in ITV's excellent SAS series *Ultimate Force (Eh? I thought he hated it! – Ed)*, is happy ripping people from their cars with a sceptical cry of "That's bollocks!" – and it could easily have been this way with Panasonic's well-hard Toughbook. But, thanks to some fine-tuning and anger-management training, the CFR-1 is now commercially available, free from psychotic Scottish tendencies (Watch it! – Scottish Ed.).

So, what makes it so 'tough' then? Well, my son, built from a strong and light magnesium alloy, the CF-R1 can withstand a drop of 30cm onto a hard surface (and we know, we've tried it), with accidental damage caused by fuck-witted owners covered by a three-year warranty. 30cm is what Panasonic said, but we being the mavericks we are, we pushed it further, hurling it from a fifth floor window into on-coming traffic. 30cm would be about right.

But, toughness aside, the CF-R1 comes with a 20Gb hard disk, an 800MHz Pentium II-M processor, Type II PC Card slot and, although wireless networking and infrared are noticeably absent, Wi-Fi capability can be added.

Whether it'll take a bullet for you, like Henno obviously would, is unknown.

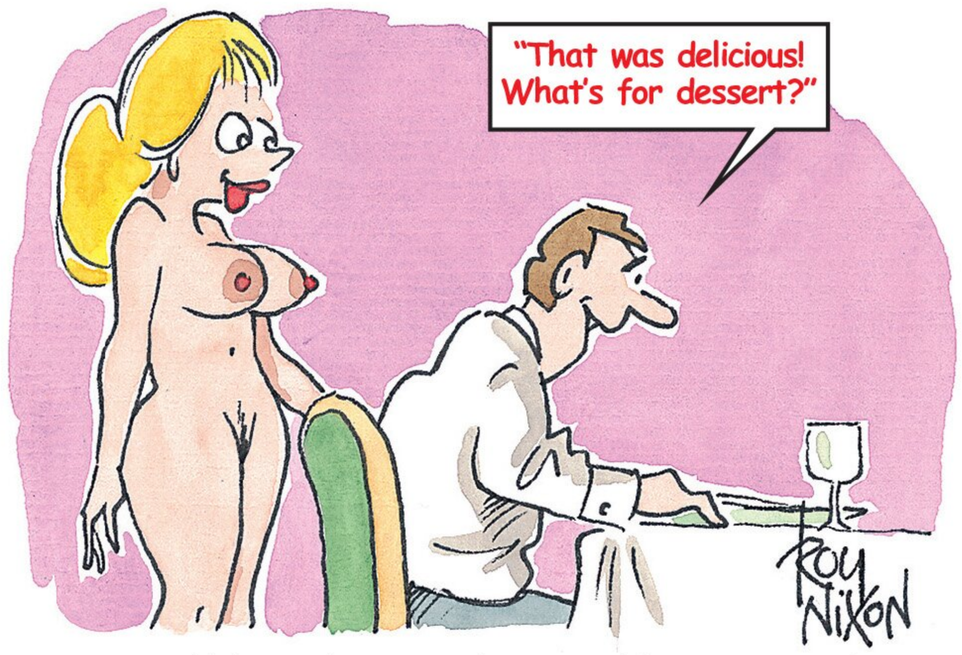
GET BEHIND THEE

Mayfair is a great magazine, but the one thing I'm disappointed with is the lack of the complete rear thong shot. We all love ladies in lovely lingerie, but the knickers seem to come down too quick. I'm sure I am not alone in this opinion so please could you bear this in mind as you plan future editions.

Colin, Oxon

Few and far between are the letters complaining the girls' knickers come off too soon! Still, next time we have a beautiful girl in front of us, Colin, we'll see if we can refrain from asking her to take her pants off within the first five minutes. And pigs, will indeed, fly.

WATER BABE



Last summer I had a temp job with one of these gas firms going door-to-door to try and steal customers from the competition. You know the sort of pests I mean? It was incredibly boring work and it opened my eyes to just how many rude and ill-tempered people there are in this country, but occasionally something nice happened.

My patch was this posh suburb in Surrey and I was working a street with enormous plush houses when a guy poked his head around the side of the house and asked me what I wanted. I showed him my credentials and told him my business and he suggested we continued this around back where the patio was. It was a scorching hot day so when he threw a cold lager into the deal I gladly accepted. The back garden was huge, with tall trees on either side and a great big pool by the patio. The guy, Philip, was retired at 32 and minted. He'd patented some software or something that had been particularly successful and was living the good life from now on.

"Want another beer?" he offered, when I wolfed down the first. I decided against it as it had gone straight to my head though I was still burning hot.

"What I'd love is to jump into your pool to cool off," I told him.

"Feel free," he said, but I told him I didn't have a swim suit. "Neither do I," he said, with a glint in his eye. I knew what he was getting at and was incredibly tempted. Don't misunderstand me, I don't normally do this sort of thing but I was so hot and horny that his invitation was as tempting as the cool clear water. Besides, he was loaded, and I could definitely see myself spending the summer lazing around his pool instead of working, so I kicked off my shoes, stripped down to my panties and dived in. Philip followed me in but he slung all his clothes aside and rubbed himself up against me under the water.

"You don't waste much time," I giggled as he gave

"I spread my legs again and felt his mouth on my pussy"

me a kiss.

"I didn't get to where I am today by wasting time," he said, grabbing hold of my tits and flicking my nipples with his thumbs. I responded by reaching for his already hard cock and wrapped both hands around it. He had a lovely long length and I pulled at it gently as he moved his hands down my body and slid them inside my panties.

His fingers found my lips and splayed them apart as I trod water. I opened my legs and pressed down against his hand, rubbing my mound against his palm as he pumped his fingers in and out of my warm hole. I started getting really excited and after a few moments he dived below the surface and yanked my panties off. I spread my legs again and felt his mouth on my pussy. He lapped away at my little fleshy slot for just a few precious seconds before resurfacing and giving me a kiss. I wrapped my legs around him and whispered filth into his ear as he pressed his enormous fat cock against my entrance.

"You really don't waste any time, do you?" I smiled, pushing down against his rigid prick. His fat, meaty girth stretched open my hole wide and buried itself deep inside me. Philip pulled my hips hard against his, sinking his cock all the way inside me until my lips clutched around his root. We bobbed up and down in the water, enjoying

"He pumped his fingers in and out of my warm hole"

the feel of each others' sex against one another, then Philip withdrew a little and pumped back in. His meat surged inside me and his abdomen bumped my clit, giving goose bumps all over and nipples as hard as diamonds.

I clung onto the side and let my legs drift upwards and Philip pumped away between them. He ran his hands all over my belly and pubes as he stroked his lovely dick in and out of my tight hole, then he reached underneath me and pulled my buttocks apart. His fingers tickled at my bumhole for a few delightful seconds, then one of them pushed inside and I unloaded around his cock there and then. My pussy spasmed and my arsehole clenched as he probed me in both holes and came again and again, gasping and howling in full view of all his neighbours.

"Swallow my come," he told me, fucking into me again and again, so I dived down below and took his dick in my mouth. It was twitching like mad and he was fighting to hold back, but I stroked his balls and tickled him between the legs and he suddenly squirted his hot load all over the back of my throat. I wanked his cock for all that I could then returned to the surface, took a deep breath and swallowed his slippery spunk down.

"Delicious," I told him, stroking his shaft under water and savouring his salty taste in my mouth.

Later that night I called around to see Philip again when I finished work but some old fella answered instead. I asked him if Philip was there but he said no-one by the name of Philip lived in the house. Then a thought struck him.

"Do you mean the gardener? We do have a chap who comes around once a week to do the garden. I think his name's Philip," he told me, then wished me a good night.

I caught up with the lying snake the following week but we soon laughed it off. I spent the rest of the summer working (unfortunately), but once a week I'd go around and see my 'software millionaire' and we'd take a dip together – though we didn't always need the pool for that.

Georgia, Camberley

page 90 ▶

Ahh, Valerie. How our hearts skipped a beat when we met this bubbly cutey. Not only did our hearts leap, but something stirred in our trousers, too. It was our wallets, as we attempted to whisk the pretty brunette babe out for a drink. Alas, we were saddened to hear that she was 'already taken' by some other man, and even after a solid two minutes of us obviously flirting, lying and bragging, she still wasn't interested in joining us for a quick one.
"I'm a very loyal girl," Valerie smiled with a glint in her eye. "I'm not one to cheat on somebody. Well, not unless it was a really special occasion."
Could the occasion involve *Mayfair*?
"No. Brad Pitt. And he's not here!"

Valerie

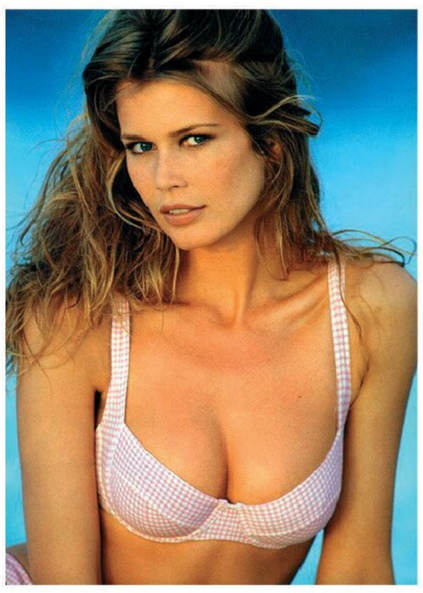
Age: 19 Vital Stats: 37C-30-33
Photographer: Steve Hicks

See the RUDER Pictures
we couldn't print only at:
MAYFAIR X
www.sexclub.co.uk/mayfairx

Supermodels... what are they like, eh? They won't get out of bed for less than 10 grand, but what does it take to get them into bed in the first place? While you're saving your pennies, here's a naked look at three women who'll never go out of fashion...

CELEBRITY SIZZLERS

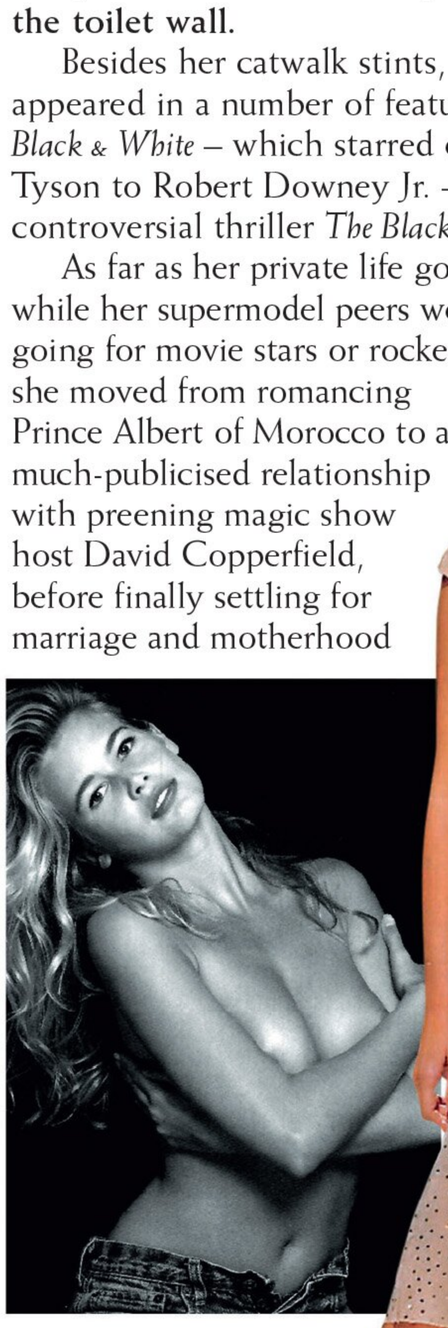
CLAUDIA SCHIFFER



At 5'11" with long, flowing blonde hair and piercing blue eyes, Claudia Schiffer has appeared on over 500 magazine covers and her annual calendar is always one of the hottest selling items around – as well as being the perfect size to cover up that nasty stain on the toilet wall.

Besides her catwalk stints, Claudia has also appeared in a number of feature films including *Black & White* – which starred everyone from Mike Tyson to Robert Downey Jr. – and Abel Ferrara's controversial thriller *The Blackout*.

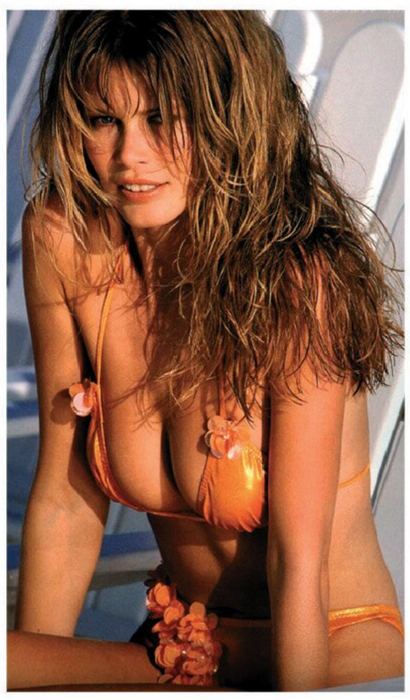
As far as her private life goes, while her supermodel peers were going for movie stars or rockers, she moved from romancing Prince Albert of Morocco to a much-publicised relationship with preening magic show host David Copperfield, before finally settling for marriage and motherhood with *Lock, Stock* film producer Matthew Vaughan.

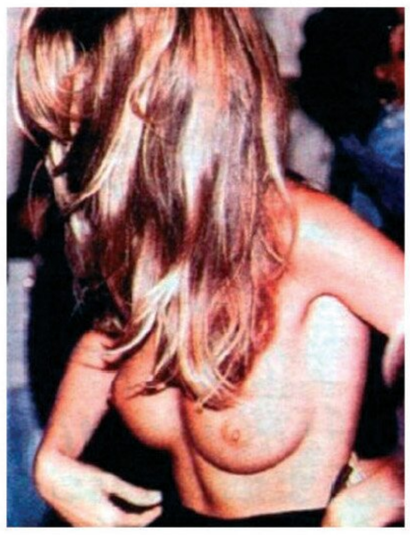


But for all her natural sexiness, Claudia has been relatively prudish about exposing her natural assets. Damn her. In fact, she generally throws fits when prying shutterbugs catch her undressed backstage with her phenomenal hooters hanging in the breeze! Pity.

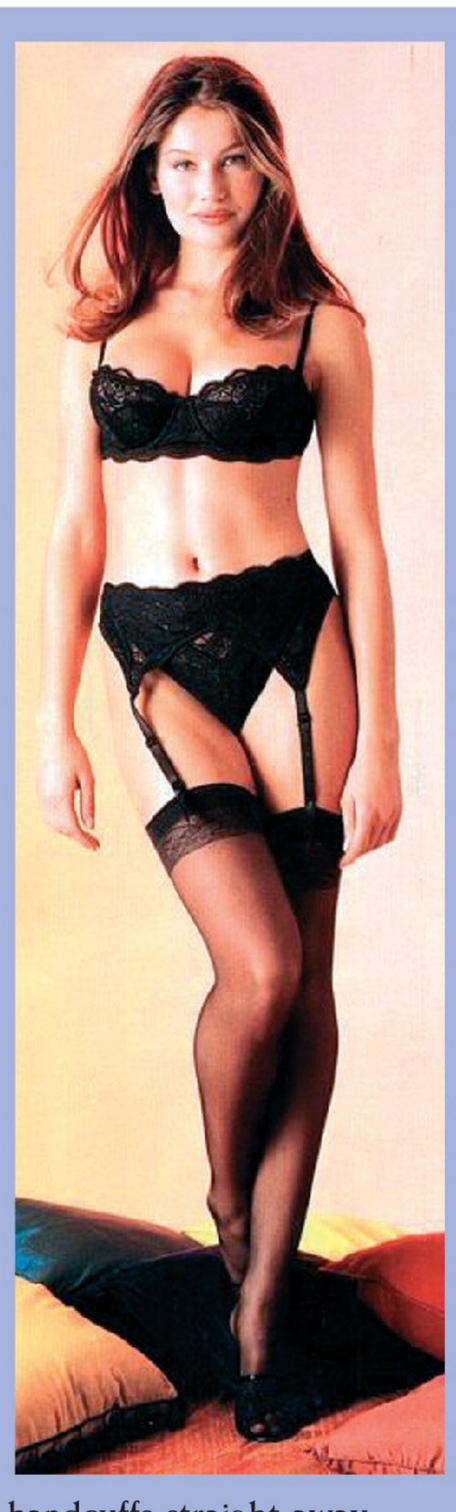
Claudia is obviously a girl who can take care of herself, though. When a plane door reportedly burst open on Claudia's plane midway over the Caribbean, she immediately sprang into action and fastened it shut with the belt from her jeans! Now that's what we call a fashion statement... sorry about that.

"Claudia has been relatively prudish about exposing her natural assets"





LAETITIA CASTA



"35-24-35 Laetitia Casta is the French girl who's captured America's heart, a rather rare achievement for a European," wrote one fashion scribe, while another dubbed the 25-year-old Corsican cutie, "Madison Modelling Agency's very own Lolita." Why Lolita? Well she was discovered when she was a schoolgirl of 15, hanging out on a French beach, bucket and spade in hand. Among the beachcombers on that fateful day was a top representative of Chanel, who tucked his business card into her bikini. In this country he'd have been slapped in handcuffs straight away, but they do things differently on the continent.

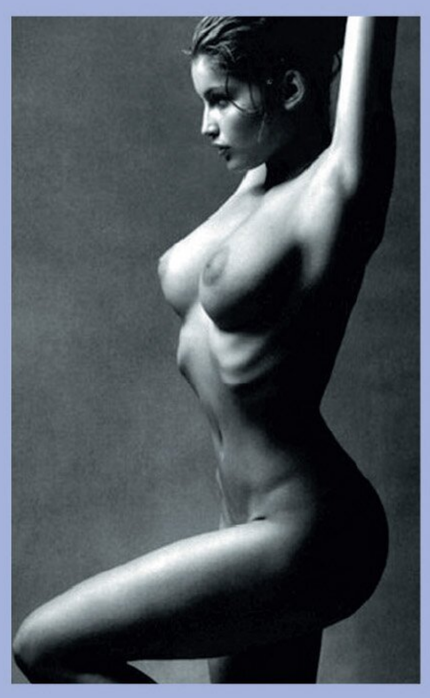
Of course, since then Laetitia's graced countless magazine covers and appeared in high profile ad campaigns for Guess? jeans, Chanel and L'Oreal. Among the many highlights of her glittering career are her long association with top froggy pong purveyor Yves St. Laurent, and being named the hottest model of the year by *Rolling Stone*, who wisely placed a nude Laetitia on the cover of their best-selling 'Hot' issue.

As if an illustrious modelling career wasn't enough, Laetitia has also taken her talents to the

big screen in *Astérix and Obélix* – the most expensive French film ever made. And adding to an already complete portfolio, she posed nude in print advertisements and billboards for diamond e-tailer Diamond.com. She was clad solely in strands of gems, and diamonds had to be digitally added to Laetitia's body to censor the controversial ad – apparently there was concern that the billboards would cause accidents, or repetitive wrist strain among slower moving male motorists.

In 1999, Laetitia was honoured by her native country when she was chosen to appear on French coins and stamps as the image of Marianne (embodiment of the French Republic), an honour formerly held by Brigitte Bardot. These went down very well with the homme in the street, who never thought he'd get the chance to give a bird like this a good licking.

"She was named the hottest model of the year by Rolling Stone"



CINDY CRAWFORD

Of all the supermodels, few are as downright super as Cindy Crawford. Just ask your average man in the street who they'd most like to play 'hide the salami' with, and chances are this stunning beauty would be top of the list. To detail her attractions would take a very long sheet of foolscap indeed, though one of them would surely be that curious mole on her upper lip, an imperfection that only adds to her all-round natural beauty.

Apart from being one of the highest paid and best-known catwalkers in the universe, Cindy is also a very accomplished businesswoman. One of the founders of the Fashion Cafe, she has her own lines of makeup, fashion and keep fit videos, and makes millions from sponsorship deals. But one area where success has eluded her so far is the movies – her debut in the slack thriller *Fair Game* went belly up at the box-office despite a promising flash of Cindy topless.

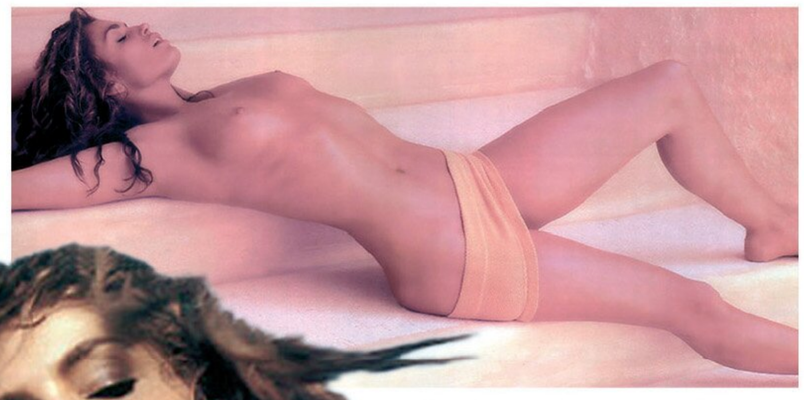
Her TV ads for Cadillacs also hit a bit of a snag. They had to be taken off the air in America because Cindy showed too much thigh for the censors. Ad executives cleverly used computer graphics to lengthen the dress – but wouldn't it have been more sensible to go the other way?

As for her personal life, well it has been eventful to say the least. In December 1991, Cindy got hitched to Richard Gere after a 4-year courtship. Although

"Cindy has proved that a supermodel needs a lot more than beauty to make it in the catty world of modelling"

People Magazine named the pretty woman and *Pretty Woman* star the Sexiest Couple Alive, they divorced after three years.

Cindy was then romantically linked to Robert De Niro and Val Kilmer before finally becoming Mrs. Rande Gerber in 1998. Also a huge supporter of leukemia charities (her brother Jeff died from the disease), Cindy has proved that a supermodel needs a lot more than beauty to make it in the catty world of modelling; beauty, brawn and personality are required – and a million dollar mole can't hurt either!



It's every man's dream to find himself in bed with two stunning women who are more than happy to get it on with each other, shamelessly taking their clothes off and pawing each other's private parts. That's why we were annoyed when we remembered this shoot with the awesome Amanda and Stella didn't require us to get involved. Still, at least we got to kiss them goodbye at the end of the day – as they both got in a cab to go back to their hotel together!

Amanda & Stella

Amanda: Age: 21 Stats: 35C-29-35
Stella: Age: 22 Stats:34C-28-35
Photographer: VivThomas.com

AMANDA & STELLA

AMANDA & STELLA

See the RUDER Pictures
we couldn't print only at:
MAYFAIR X
www.sexclub.co.uk/mayfairx

Our submissive finally gets the chance to please her Master, and warms up with a spot of girl-girl action...

Confessions Of A Society sub

i awoke with a feeling of excitement. Today, Master was going to use me sexually for the first time since He brought me to live in His mansion in the country. Since my arrival, i had shared rooms with His other sex slaves, and although i had been in some of the other rooms, i had not yet been summoned to Master's private apartments.

my Master was handsome, mysterious and very sexy. He was totally dominant and enormously kinky, and this fact, combined with my naturally submissive nature had made O/our brief encounters so far extremely erotically stimulating.

my feet had been tattooed with a colourful design that Master had created especially for me. i felt proud and gratified that he had at last marked me as his. All the others had already had their insteps tattooed as well. Master had a fetish for feet and we spent our days barefoot with long, light chains binding our ornate anklets loosely together. These pretty anklets were festooned with little bells which tinkled as we moved around and our transparent organza harem-pants with split gussets allowed Master easy access to our pussies, while our bare breasts were only barely covered by tiny bolero jackets with no fastenings.

our clothing, collars and chains were subtle reminders that we were slaves and helped to keep us constantly sexually aware. Master had cameras in every room and we were always closely monitored. Any breach of rules or harem etiquette was punished by Master's personal assistant Nigel. tia told me quietly on one occasion that she understood that Nigel had originally joined Master's household as butler, but that He and Master had become more like friends. Nigel's rooms were located near Master's apartment and He had the authority to train and use any of Master's slaves.

tia, whose creamy body lay next to mine in the bed that morning was wakening too. she sat up and we embraced, our bodies responding to each other's light touch. Kissing her deeply, i caressed her soft pink nipples to hardness, and my hand reached down between her legs. Sighing contentedly, she lay back against the pillows and spread her legs lazily. i climbed between them, and, kneeling, began to separate her glistening labia. as i held her lips apart and tongued her clit, tia pinched my nipples – rolling the tips sensuously between her fingers and causing little thrills of excitement to flood into my loins.

Probing the velvet interior of her vulva with my tongue, i tasted her essence as i searched her warm wet cunt for her g-spot, lapping frantically as her breath came in gasps and she orgasmed, her pussy squirting her juices onto my tongue as i greedily lapped it up. Pushing her attempts to return the favour away gently, i reminded her that i was keeping myself for Master, as today was my big day.

At last it was time, and i climbed the stairs to Master's apartments, my heart thumping with anticipation – heat building between my thighs as my pussy juiced even before i reached the top step.

Trembling, i knocked, and was told to come inside. Master was sitting in a chair smiling at me. i brushed my hair back from my face and blushed, hoping that my appearance pleased Him, my heart pounding with anticipation and lust. i lowered my eyes before His gaze, unsure of what to do next. Finally He spoke, instructing me to remove my stockings and high heels, and beckoned me to come to Him on my hands and knees. Without hesitation i knelt on the floor and crawled on all fours until i was directly in front of Him. He then commanded me to lie on my belly on the floor. my stomach fluttered nervously as i complied.

my face heated with humiliation as i prostrated myself before my Master, and i closed my eyes as i sensed Him walk slowly around me, His feet gently brushing against me as He looked down at His newest slave. i jumped slightly as i felt His foot push my ankles apart until my legs were spread to His satisfaction. As He lifted my skirt with the toe of His shoe i felt instinctively that He sensed my embarrassment, and, as He pushed it up my back until my bottom was fully exposed, i tried to bury my head into my shoulder to hide my shame.

i felt something lightly brushing my back: a whisper of a touch which i gradually recognised as the movement of a flogger passing almost imperceptibly over my sensitised skin. As the touch of the soft leather strips became stronger the strokes built into a rhythm. my skin tingled from its touch as Master alternately stroked my buttocks and intimate parts with the flogger, its soft leather fingers gradually seeking out my sensitive crevice. The combination of pleasure and the light stimulating sting of the flogger took me to the edge rapidly.

As i squirmed and wriggled on the floor, Master pushed His toe into my sex and i became oblivious of my

appearance, my whole being focused on the myriad of sensations i was feeling at His touch and i begged aloud for release. Master waited a moment, then granted it, whereupon i ground my pussy hard against His shoe, and, still feeling the exhilarating sting of his flogger, i climaxed, waves of bliss undulating through me to my core.

Master stepped back in front of me and removed His trousers and pants. Ordering me to get on my knees He waited until i was in position, and instructed me to lick his genitals. i was very willing to comply, and lapped lovingly at His balls and up the side of His large, hardening penis. Teasing the tip with little flicks of my tongue, i tasted the first drop of my Master's salty fluid, savouring His manly flavour.

i licked the length of His cock, then, feeling that He was ready, took the head into my mouth, and, caressing it with my lips, began to suck. Taking Master's full length into my bulging jaws, my lips encircling His thickened shaft, i strove to please Him. Breathing slowly through my nose, i concentrated on working my tongue and jaws, and soon i could hear Him moan as my manipulations brought Him towards climax. Pulling my head back roughly from His pulsing member, my Master came for His sub, splashing my face and hair liberally with His rich, sticky sperm.

PHOTOS: DAVID HINDLEY

After admiring the slim, shapely figure of Becky, we were surprised to learn this lovely lady likes nothing more than eating food – and lots of it! "I'm a real food pig," she confessed, "and if I didn't exercise plenty I'd probably be enormous!" And how does she like to keep fit? "Running and fucking, in that order," she told us with a grin. Becky certainly makes us want to eat something. In fact, it's her!

Becky

Age: 20Vital Stats: 32D-30-33
Photographer: Scott Evans

MAYFAIR

Poster Poser

Becky

If you thought racing was a weekend hobby for the mentally afflicted you'd be right. Then a road legal race bike used everyday on open roads should be a gas, shouldn't it? Too bloody right it is, and FLICK CLACKER gives it a thrashing...

CANED AND VERY ABLE!

Aprilia is the 'baby of the bunch' amongst the world's motorcycle manufacturers. The Italian company's first motorised bike (a small capacity off-roader) didn't appear until 1968. Carefully following the footsteps of Honda, Suzuki et al, Aprilia then entered the heady, expensive world of Grands Prix in 1985 in the belief that wins secure sales. In August 1987, **Loris Reggiani finally put a 125ccc two-stroke Aprilia on the winners' podium.**

Since then Aprilia have notched up 15 World Championships. In the meantime, it has produced a stunning array of road-going bikes that include 50cc two-stroke commuter mopeds, Dakar-styled tourers and some impressive large capacity V-twin sports bikes. The latest of the latter being the £11,399 Aprilia Tuono Racing.

The Tuono Racing is a lighter, more powerful, track ready version of the basic Tuono, itself a fantastic naked V-twin 997cc sports bike. The two bikes share the same Austrian-made Rotax engine inside a dual-beam alloy frame, but that's where the differences stop.

Designing and then building the Racing wasn't that difficult for Aprilia. All it had to do was literally strip the mighty, top of the range 130bhp (claimed) sports RSV-R Mille (mille is Italian for 1000) of its bodywork, replace the downward facing clip on-type handlebars for upright trials bike bars and supply a basic race kit with each bike sold.

Swedish-made Ohlins suspension is used front and rear. The forks and rear shock are nothing special in terms of available adjustment – both ends come with rebound and compression damping adjustment, along with spring preload.

But what sets them apart isn't so much the anodised and titanium nitrided finish, but the quality of adjustment. Every click or turn of the adjusters makes a noticeable difference. Something that doesn't quite happen with other mass-produced built to a price suspension.

Riders of all shape and size and riding style (slow, medium and fast pace) can be catered for, as does varying types of road surface. Which, if I'm honest here, has to be a major buying influence when you consider how run down British roads are nowadays.

Attached to the 43mm front forks is the latest new-fangled radial mounted four-piston brake calipers. The Brembo-built brakes work just as well as they look.; so much stopping power and an abundance of feel. Two fingers working the front brake lever is all that's needed to smear the standard fit Pirelli SuperCorse front tyre into the Tarmac. Braver folk could, if they so wanted to, get the rear end of the Racing to lift clear of Tarmac (a stoppie).

Wheelies also become an everyday thing with a Tuono Racing. If you thought bars were for pulling the opposite sex then you'd be right. But award yourself five extra points if you figured that wide and high bars on a punchy V-twin-powered bike make for effortless front wheel lofts.

Crack the throttle wide open in first gear and the Racing will have dump you on your arse quicker than a punch to the crust. The peaky power delivery – a hell of a jump in horsepower and torque at 5000rpm – makes life very interesting. Best stick to second gear, where it's easier to control throttle balance and crowd pleasing monos if you don't want to see the inside of your local A&E department.

A true rear wheel measured 115bhp is courtesy of the Rotax-built V-twin lump that powers the racing to a guaranteed 155mph top speed. Forget about decent standing start quarter of a mile times. If the front end's not waggling skyward then the rear tyre is scrabbling for grip. Sometimes both.

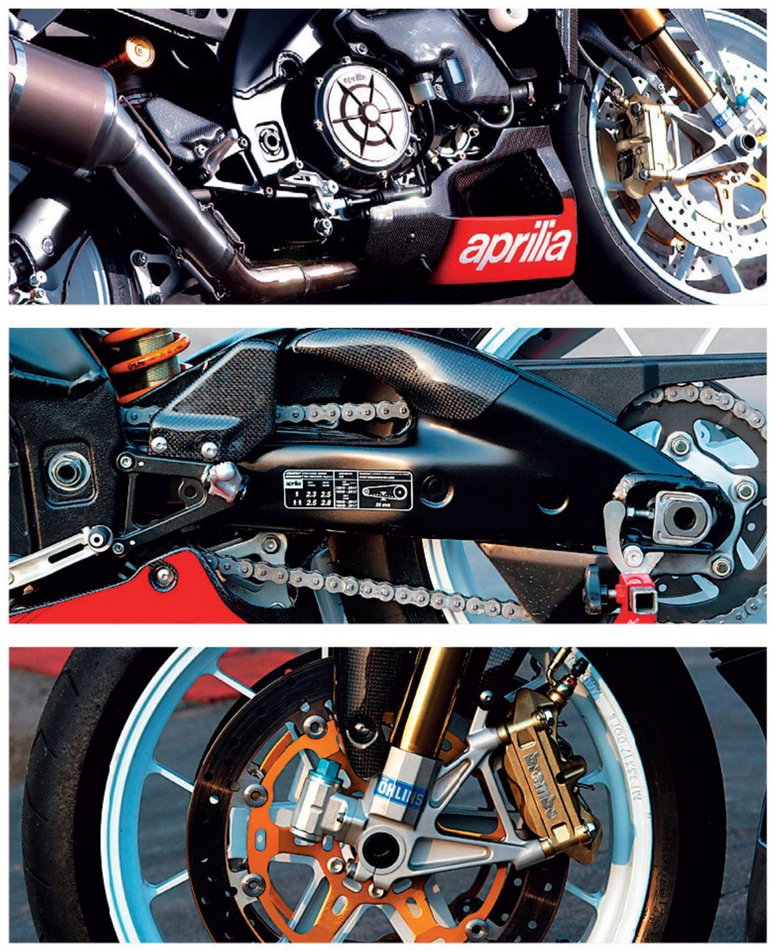
Another welcome aspect of the RSV-R found on the Racing is the slipper-type clutch. Big twins have low rev ceilings and massive engine braking. To overcome possible rear wheel lock-ups while changing down at high revs, the clutch is designed to partially slip until rear wheel speed matches engine revs.

Now if 155mph sounds exciting then believe me when I say doubling the national speed limit it isn't all it's cracked up to be. Remember when you were a mindless child and stuck your arm out of the open window of a speeding car? Trying to keep it held straight out against the airblast hurt after a while. And that's what happens to your neck and lower spine on the Racing. Sat nearly bolt upright puts aerodynamics firmly at the bottom of the Aprilia's list of qualities.

Taking all the aforementioned into account, the question has to be asked how, or why, did the Tuono Racing acquire the 'Racing' tag? The answer is a simple one: bung it on a race track either on a track day or club race, and the Racing will do surprisingly well.

And fitting the supplied basic race kit – lightweight carbon fibre bellypan and bikini fairing (no lights) improved steering and handling response, a less restrictive exhaust and uprated fuelling chip boost mid and top end power – the Racing's race pedigree really shines through.

There is also a reversed gearshift to ensure toes don't get ground to mince when changing gear midcorner, and a bag of drilled safety bolts to be fitted and lockwired in accordance with race rules. But why bother with the track when you can spend the rest of your life having just as much fun on decrepit and congested roads with a Tuono Racing?



SPECIFICATION

Aprilia RSV-R Tuono Racing Cost: £11,399 otr

Performance: 115bhp/71.4 ft-lb torque. 155mph top speed. 0-60mph in 3.44 secs.

Engine: 997cc, 8-valves, DOHC, liquid-cooled, V-twin-four four-stroke, six speed gearbox, fuel injection.

Chassis: Alloy dual beam. Ohlins 43mm USD forks and rear monoshock, all adjustable for preload, bump and rebound damping.

Tyres: front 120/70 X 17, rear 180/55 x 17 - Pirelli SuperCorsa rubber.

Brakes: 2 x 4-piston radial calipers, 320mm discs (front). 1 x two-piston caliper, 220mm disc (rear).

Colour options: Black.

Mayfair's own Jeremy Clarkson, David Long, puts up his dukes to test out the latest flash car made in the UK – the Bristol Fighter...

NICE BRISTOLS!

What do we know about Bristol, then? Not the place, the car manufacturers? Well for one thing, with nearly 60 years in the business, they're probably Britain's most exclusive car maker.

And pretty pricey their models are, too. Even an entry level model will cost pretty much the same as a Ferrari or Bentley, and that's despite the fact that what you get is a relatively unsophisticated off-the-peg Chrysler V8 and some pretty strange styling to accommodate ugly parts-bin stuff like Vauxhall rear lights.

But clearly that's how the customers like it, because however rare they are these days – and Bristol resolutely refuses to discuss sales figures – the company's still in business and still building cigar-and-brandy cars which look more or less like last year's which in turn looked more or less like the year before, and so on all the way back to 1946.

Clearly, then, if something works for Bristol, they stick with it. At least until now, anyway, and the unveiling of this one: the extraordinary new Bristol Fighter.

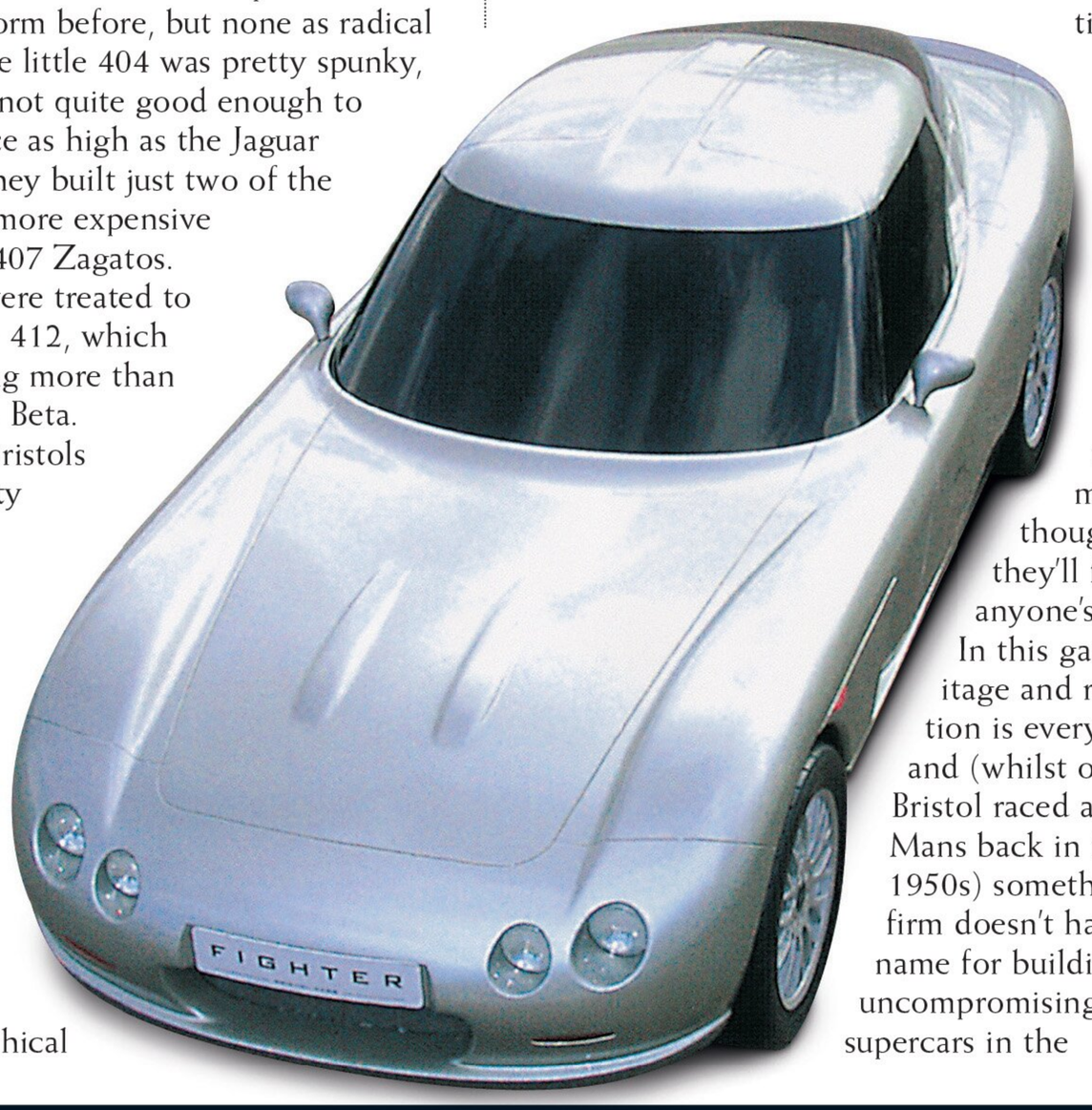
In fact, there have been a few departures from the staid Bristol norm before, but none as radical as this. In 1953 the little 404 was pretty spunky, although perhaps not quite good enough to justify a price twice as high as the Jaguar XK140. In 1961 they built just two of the swoopy but even more expensive short-chassis GT 407 Zagatos. And in 1975 we were treated to the absolutely vile 412, which looked like nothing more than a scaled-up Lancia Beta.

But generally Bristols have run to a pretty straight formula: discrete styling with no frills, a long bonnet, short boot, supremely comfortable upright cabin, and the sort of sporting but unhurried performance a gentleman might require if that mythical creature was in the market for an expensive conveyance with a hint of yesteryear about its wings.

And so to the £229,000 Fighter. Well, it's certainly got a long bonnet. An American engine too, although now it's a V10 – all eight litres of it (specially developed to suit the company's requirements) – and which looks to us like it's the same massive lump from Daimler Chrysler's truck division as was shoehorned into the Chrysler Viper and, of course, that sensationally daft Dodge Ram VTS pick-up.

That means it mostly lacks the sort of state-of-the-art, race-honed sophistication and tom-trickery you'd get from an Enzo Ferrari or 575 Maranello, but then it does have a staggering 525 horsepower to play with and for the sort of fiscally-well-upholstered type who is going to buy this car that's probably good enough. After all, according to the factory, it'll do 210 mph and zero to 60mph in four seconds – and at those speeds you're not exactly going to be poking around under the bonnet looking for sodium-filled valves and carbon rods are you?

Looks-wise too, the new car is everything the old ones weren't. With innovative design features (shared with aircraft, high speed missiles, even submarines), it's aggressively-styled instead of being quietly elegant. In-your-face where older Bristols strove for a sublime discretion. Sleek and slinky where recent models have tended toward barn-door aerodynamics. And screamingly quick too, where in performance terms its predecessors have aimed to offer a mere sufficiency.



But then times change, old boy, and presumably at Bristol they feel they must too though how they'll fare is anyone's guess. In this game heritage and reputation is everything and (whilst one Bristol raced at Le Mans back in the mid-1950s) something the firm doesn't have is a name for building uncompromising supercars in the Ferrari/Lamborghini mould.

But then neither did Pagani until they built the Zonda, nor McLaren until the F1 came along – and anyway it's always good to see another contender throw his high-speed hat into the ring.

The guys at Bristol are bullish anyway, and – steeped in the traditions of superior engineering, unimpeachable quality and a total devotion to safety (it says here) – clearly have high hopes for the new machine. As a company they insist they don't worry about fleeting automotive fashions which govern other manufacturers' designs: "We crave instead integrity of purpose and an unmatched level of engineering perfection." Which translated from the original bullshit, means they're not setting out to beat the big boys so much as to offer enthusiasts a genuine alternative.

And will any of them go for it? Who knows? On the one hand, it's hard to imagine traditional Bristol owners driving the Fighter because it's so, well, untraditional. And, faced with deciding between one of these or a gleaming new Ferrari 575M Maranello and a ton of change, logic would suggest sticking with the Italians. The Maranello, after all, is easily the most outstanding sports car on sale anywhere in the world today.

But then, on the other hand, the rich really are different to the rest of us and, when it comes to spending a quarter of a million on a car, logic doesn't have much to do with it. You pays your money and you takes your choice – and if you've got the money it's a nice choice to have to make.

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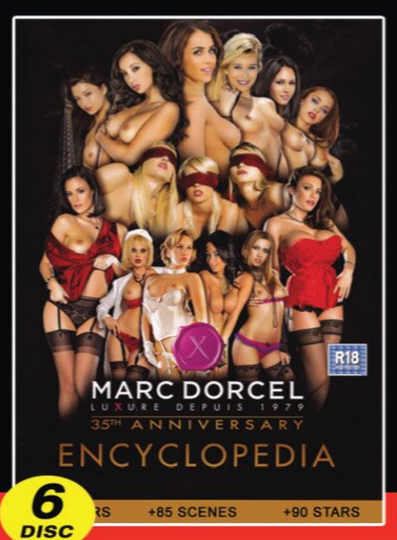

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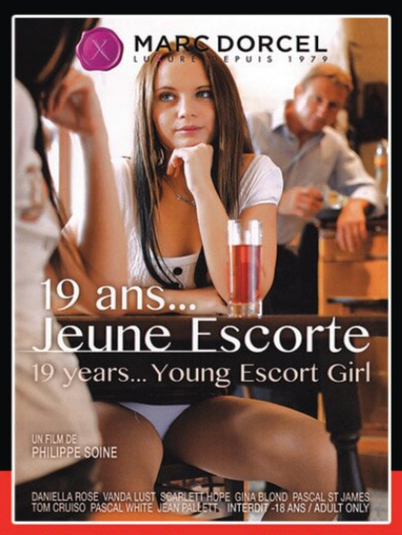

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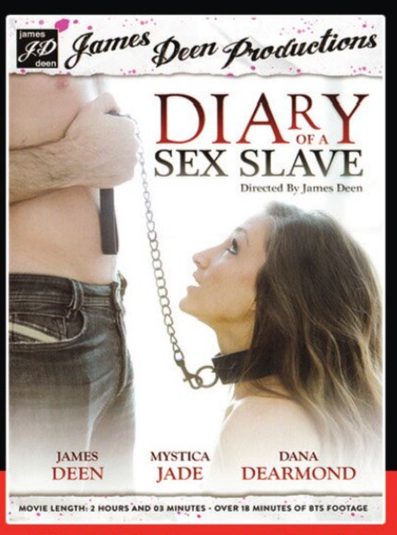
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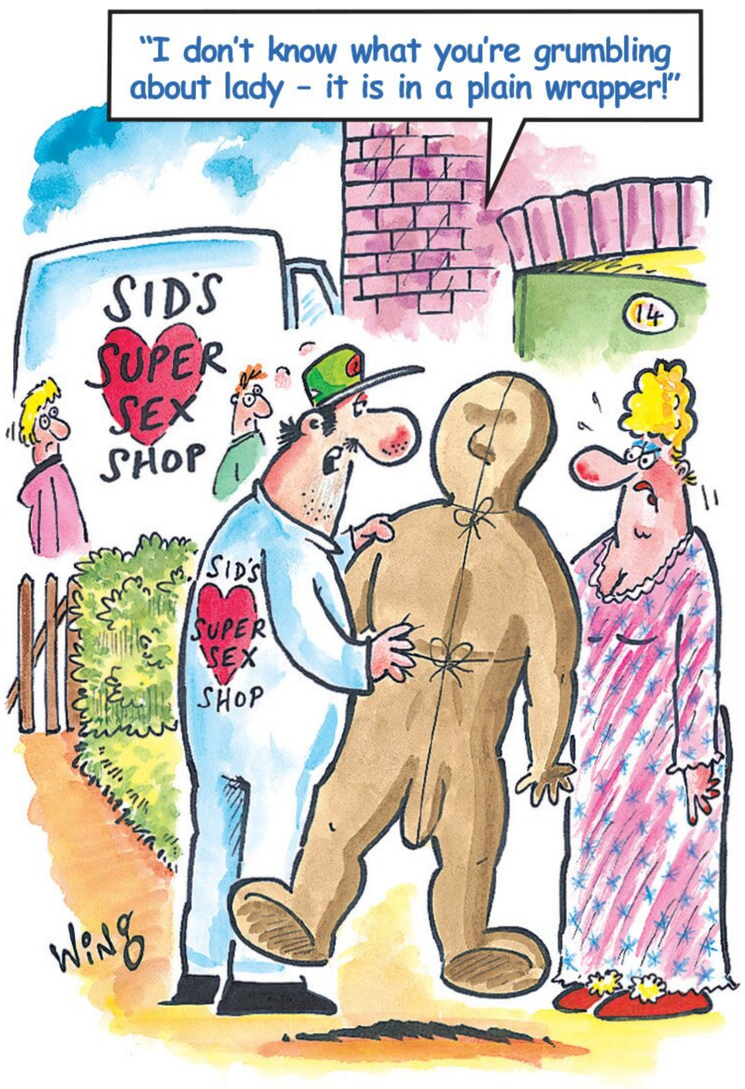
Gentlemen, that reminds me

Laugh? You nearly will. Yes, it's time to get your laughing gear around a new load of bonkers gags...



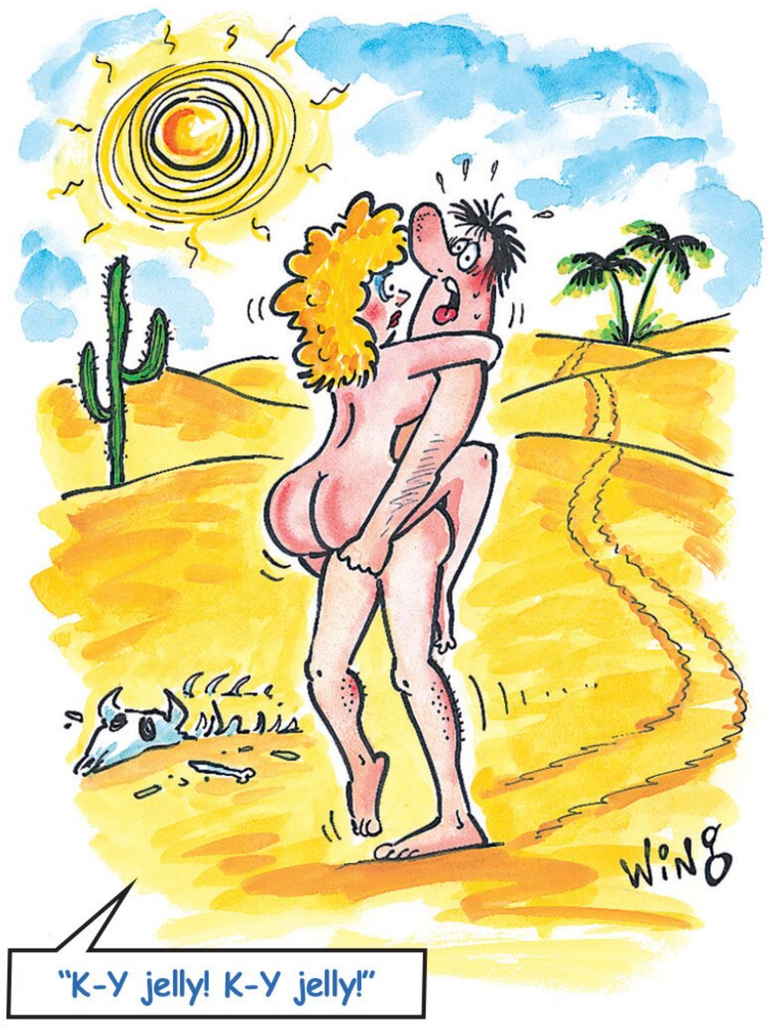
The GP's wife asks her husband why their sex life isn't as good as it used to be. "In my professional opinion," he says, "it's because you're too passive and stuck in your ways in bed. Why not do us both a favour and work out a way of spicing it up?"
The next day he came home and found her in bed with another doctor from the surgery. Before he had a chance to say anything, she shouted: "You said I needed to do something to spice up our love making. Well before doing that, I thought I ought to get a second opinion."

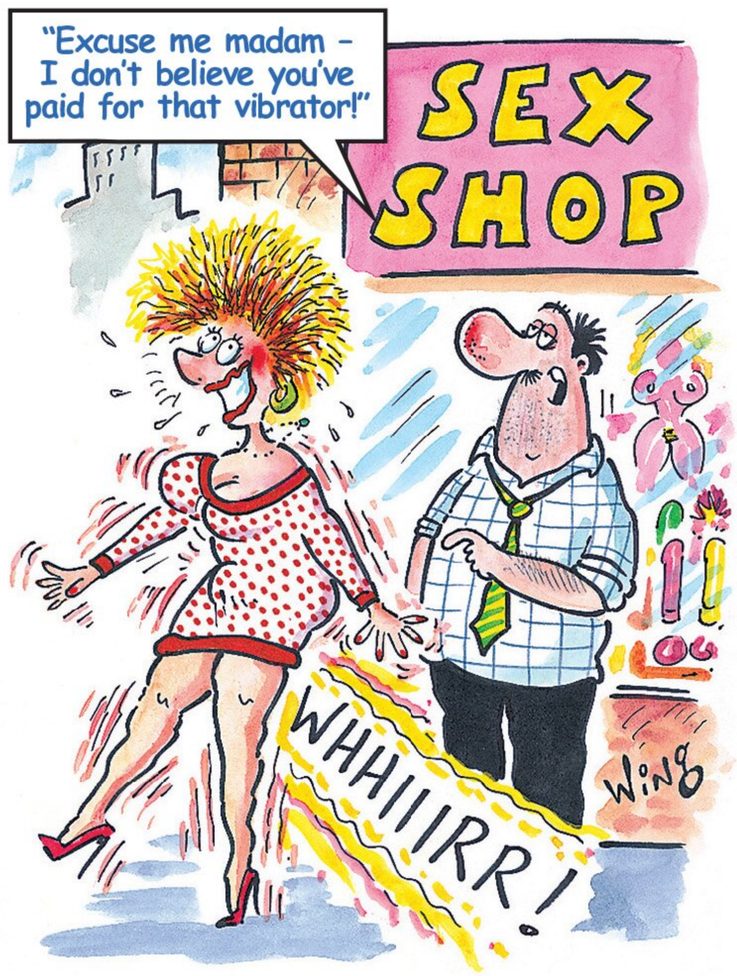
How do you make your wife weep during sex?
Phone her up and tell her while you're doing it.

The Sunday school teacher was enjoying her new job, teaching a predominantly middle-class bunch of kids. "When you die and go to heaven," she asks them. "Which part of your body do you think goes to heaven first?"
Hermione puts her hand up. "I think it's your hands, miss," she says.
"And why do you think that, Hermione?"
"Because when you pray, you put your hands together in front of you and God sees them first when he reaches down to you."
"A lovely answer," coos the teacher.
"Miss, miss, miss," shouts a scruffy boy at the back. "It ain't yer 'ands, it's yer legs."
"What makes you think that?" asks the teacher.
"Well, me auntie came round the other night when mum was at work. And I saw her on the sofa with her legs straight up in the air, and she was shouting 'Oh God, I'm coming'. I reckon if me dad hadn't been lying down between her legs pinning her to the sofa, God would've taken her right away."

Rupert is late. Very late. So he puts his foot down on the Porsche's accelerator and burns rubber. Almost immediately there's a siren and flashing blue lights in his rear-view mirror. He pulls over and waits impatiently for the cop to come over to the car. "Look officer, I can explain," he snaps before the cop's even had a chance to say anything.
"That's what they all say," said the cop.
"You keep quiet."
"Oh, for Christ's sake," says Rupert. "If you'll just listen..."
"I told you to be quiet," says the cop. "I think I'll take you in until the superintendent gets back."
"But..."
"That's it," says the cop, bundling Rupert out of the car and handcuffing him. "You're going to the cells."
A few hours later the cop looks in on Rupert in his cell. "Lucky for you that the superintendent's at his daughter's wedding. It means he'll be in a good mood when he gets back."
"I wouldn't count on it," says Rupert.
"I'm supposed to be the groom."

After getting fired from his job in the City, Phil is reduced to working in the butchery department of the local supermarket. At first he seems to relish the new job, but one day he tells his wife that he's under terrible mental strain. "I want to shove my knob into the bacon slicer at work," he says. "I've never felt an urge so strong."
His wife tells him he ought to see a psychiatrist, but he's not so sure, and decides to take up meditation to calm his mind instead. For a while he seems much better, but then one day he comes storming home four hours before his shift is due to finish.





"What's wrong?" asks his wife.
"You remember I told you how tempted I was to shove my knob in the bacon slicer at work?"
She nods.
"Well, I did," he says, "and I loved it, but I got fired."
"That's terrible," she whispered, looking apprehensively at his groin. "The bacon slicer?"
"The bacon slicer," he whimpered. "Mind you, she got fired too. Maybe we should've waited for the store to close."

Why are women are like fine wine? When young, they're lively, fresh and fruity. With age they become more sophisticated and full-bodied, until eventually they turn sour and vinegary, and give you blinding headaches.

Five surgeons are discussing the patients they prefer to operate on. "I like to see accountants stretched out on the table," says the first surgeon, "because when you open them up, everything inside is numbered."
"But have you ever operated on an electrician?" asks the second. "Their internals are neatly colour-coded."
"I prefer librarians," says the third. "Their organs are arranged in alphabetical order."
"Don't underestimate builders," says the fourth. "They understand when you've got a few parts left over at the end and when the job takes longer than you said it would."
"They all have their plus points," says the fifth. "But politicians are definitely the easiest – no guts, no heart, no balls and no spine. And to cap it all, their mouths and arseholes are interchangeable."

Welcome back for another look at the swinging scene and my own lifestyle. Remember you can keep up to date with all of my adventures by visiting me at http://www.adoreanjali.com

ADORE ANJALI

We have had a surprisingly good summer, and the hot weather always acts as an aphrodisiac to me and I've recently been thinking about my wild Spanish adventures of last year.

Now, everyone likes to let themselves go on holiday, but with my internet swinger contacts, I was able to pre-book some of my (big cock) contacts prior to departure.

There were a couple of sexy guys from the Portsmouth area that I had always wanted to meet up with, as well as some very tasty Spanish guys that had contacted me through my site.

As soon as we got onto the plane I was feeling really up for anything. I suggested to my hubby that it was time to join the mile high club and although it was a little awkward, we managed it.

It was a fast and furious fuck (due to the situation) but I came really hard, bent over the tiny basin with my white thong around my ankles and my hubby's big cock squeezed into me from behind.

We touched down in Palma, and moments after arriving at the hotel my mobile rang – it was my two contacts from Portsmouth and they were eager to meet up that night.

We met up with Rob and Matt at our hotel. I was dressed in a tiny dress with matching thong and high heels. The two boys looked great. Both were well tanned as they had already been on holiday for a week or so.

"Matt ejaculated all over my face"

Within 15 minutes we were all in my room. I was draped across the bed, gently playing with my moist pussy as I was surrounded by two rampant cocks.

Matt was the first cock that I sucked that night. He stood at the side of the bed and fed his huge hard-on into my mouth.

Lost in my blowjob, I hadn't noticed Rob until I felt his boner butting the side of my cheek as I sucked as deeply as I could on his mate.

I was just about to settle down into some deep fuck action, when I got the first surprise of the night. Without warning, as I was sucking deeply on Rob, Matt ejaculated all over my face. There was so much of the stuff, it was amazing. No wonder his balls were so heavy! He later told me that he had been saving himself for me for three whole days.

I soon had my full ass in the air and my thong was pulled to the side as Rob eased his fat eight inches deep into my soaking box. I took him to his balls in one exquisite slow thrust. Fuck, he really stretched my Indian pussy, and it only took a minute or two before I was creaming all over his thick shaft.

Matt was back into the action by now and I sucked him back to a huge erection. This was sheer heaven for me being slowly penetrated at both ends by steel hard cock.

By the time that the boys had left they had both come twice inside me, in addition to Matt's initial blast off all over my face. My pussy was satisfied for the time being.

I had some great experiences on that Spanish summer holiday but one more really sticks in my memory. The manager of the hotel fucked me one afternoon and it was amazing. This was a real spontaneous affair. He had been eyeing me up all week long and must have noticed that we were a playing couple.

Anyway, one afternoon as I retired to my room to shower, the phone rang. It was the manager wondering if Miss would like to accept a bottle of champagne on the house.

I pulled back the curtains to see my husband still stretched out the sunlounger and thought, why not?

I pulled on some skimpy panties and slipped on my high heels. There was a knock at the door and there was my suave hotel manager looking immaculate in his uniform. He was in his mid-40s, quite lean and very good looking.

I was sitting at the dressing room table. I made sure that the roundness of my ass was perched perfectly in view through my clinging silk gown. He stood behind me for a second and enquired if there was anything more he could do for me.

I told him that my shoulders were a little sore from the sun and he began to oil them sensuously. One thing led to another and we were kissing deeply. His hands fondling my boobs and my busy fingers extracting his long, slim cock from his flies.

I sucked him off in front of the mirror and I have to admit that it looked amazing.

He was desperate to fuck me, though, and I asked him to sit back against the headboard and got astride his hips. I sank my pussy down onto his hard cock and fucked him hard, using all my energy to cum off many times.

It was an amazing fuck and a great way to warm me up for another wild night time session.

It was a lovely break, but to find out more about my exploits go to:
http://www.adoreanjali.com

"I sank my pussy down onto his hard cock"

When we tell a photographer "there's too much pink", it's usually referring to an explicit pose, but when we set foot into the studio on delicious Kate's shoot, it was the background fabric we were on about! However, it didn't prevent Kate from putting on a super-sexy show, and as you can tell, she had no qualms about being as rude as we wanted. We like that in a girl.

Kate

Age: 19 Vital Stats: 32C-29-33
Photographer: Maklin

KATE

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If you can't join them, beat yourself off. Masturbation is probably the world's biggest hobby, so we asked several women about their experiences of going solo...

QUEST

Name: Lizzie
Home Town: Weymouth
Age: 29
Marital Status: Married

My other half is always going to want his lads' nights out, and he's welcome to them. A few months back he was on a blokes-only holiday with his mates, and while I was sorting out our bedroom, I found his stash of girlie mags, including a nice collection of Mayfairs!

I started looking out of curiosity at first, and while some of the layouts didn't do much for me, some just really hit me where it counts. Sometimes I'd just wish I looked as gorgeous and sexy as the girls in the pictures, but I soon realised that some of them were turning me on in different ways.

There was one in particular, Sarah, who stripped down to reveal small, natural tits and a shaven pussy, which looked so pink and juicy. I found myself dipping my fingers in my own hole and sucking on them, wondering if her pussy tasted as sweet and fresh as it looked.

I started to fantasise, flicking my fingertips over my clitoris, trying to mimic how I thought her tongue would feel against it, thinking how her blonde hair – tied in two little bunches – would feel brushing up against my inner thighs. But it wasn't long before I couldn't resist probing a little deeper, until I was pumping in and out right down to my knuckles. A few moments later I pulled them out again, for another suck, and as I took in the scent and taste, I imagined Sarah swivelling around, so I could eat her pussy as she went down on mine.

"My fingers disappeared deeper into her pussy"

My other hand crept to my clit – she'd be licking and sucking on it as she fingered my hole, really getting me towards my orgasm. She'd keep me in suspense, her slender thighs spread as she crouched over my face, just out of reach – perhaps she'd be so wet her juices would drip onto my face and mouth. Then she'd lower herself down onto me, soaking my skin until she settled over my mouth – with no pubes to soak up her juices, they'd just go everywhere.

She wouldn't know it until she felt it, but I'd have my tongue stretched out so it would sink deep in her hole, making her squeal with pleasure as she ground herself against me, then I'd switch to sucking on her clit as three of my fingers disappeared deeper into her pussy. And all the while I was thinking this, I was giving my own hole the same treatment.

I brought myself off, clamping my thighs together, trapping my hand as my juices poured out. And I made such a mess of the magazine, smearing the pages with my come.

Ever since then, when I get a night in to myself, I usually spend it reading and frigging off over my bloke's magazine collection.

Maybe we should read them together, but I quite like keeping it my own saucy little secret!

Name: Andrea
Home Town: Bedford
Age: 25
Marital Status: Cohabiting

Things hadn't been going well with my ex, when I had my first sexual experience with his mate James – who's now my live-in boyfriend. He – my ex – had a habit of letting me down, just disappearing for the whole weekend, that sort of thing.

One Saturday night, I went round to James's place to see if my ex was round there, but there was no sign of him. I wasn't upset – I was used to it by then – but James asked me in and talking to him was really easy. We had a few drinks, and before I knew it I'd missed my last bus home.

James's bedsit was tiny and we ended up sharing his bed – fully clothed. We even had a hug, supposedly just as friends. Then he rolled over with his back to me and fell asleep, or so I thought.

I realised I felt disappointed – and really horny too. I put my arm around him, just resting it against his chest at first, but then I let it stray down right to his trousers. He didn't try to move it, not even when I started playing my fingers inside his waistband, so I started stroking his crotch through the fabric.

This time he rolled over, gave me a massive hug then lay on his back, still seemingly asleep. I took it as a hint and stopped, even though his cock had been hard before I'd felt it up – so I almost couldn't believe it when he undid his flies and started wanking himself.

"He started fingering me and I gave his prick a squeeze"

The room was light enough that I could see him, his fist grasped around his meaty prick, pumping away, but just the sound of him wanking – hand slapping against it and the odd little groan of pleasure he couldn't help letting out – would have been enough of a turn-on. I started touching myself, feeling how warm and wet I was, then as I felt James stiffen next to me, straining to hold back, I just grabbed his hand and brought it in between my legs.

He started fingering me and I gave his prick a squeeze just below the head, to take the pressure off it. Then I started wanking him. The funny thing was, we both made out we were doing all this in our sleep.

After a couple of minutes, I knew James wasn't going to last much longer, so I slacked off right up until I felt I was on the point of coming. Then I wanked him hard, letting my palm slip over the head of his prick, rubbing his pre-come all over it. As my hole clamped tight around his fingers he shot his load, soaking his belly, hot, sticky jets still spurting out as I rubbed the first one all over his cock and balls.

The next morning we both acted like nothing had happened, although there was no awkwardness. When my ex finally crawled back home, I told him it was over – and found out he was two-timing me anyway. I spent that night with James – and every night since. I'm glad things worked out how they did, but we still laugh over the fact we wanked each other off before we had our first snog!

Name: Helena
Home Town: Chesterfield
Age: 28
Marital Status: Single

For me, one of the sexiest sights in the world is a bloke wanking himself off, especially when it's me who's turning him on. Just seeing his prick grasped in his hand, all stiff and swollen and oozing wetness from his tip, gives my twat a lovely tingly feeling.

A couple of years back I got to live out a fantasy. I was on holiday in Ibiza with a couple of mates, but while they'd paired off with two lads I preferred to shag around rather than limit my options. A few days of doing whatever I liked, with whoever I liked – coupled with a bit too much to drink – knocked my inhibitions for six. That's how I ended up in a villa that a bunch of blokes had rented for a stag weekend. There were other women there, but they were in the bedrooms – not shagging that night's 'conquest' on the living room floor.

Surprise, surprise, I pulled a bit of an audience, and when the bloke I'd been fucking had come, I carried on giving the rest of them a show. I lay there, my dress hiked up to expose my open, well-fucked pussy, and open at the top to bare my tits. One of the other blokes made a move to get in between my thighs, but I shook my head and he backed off right away. "Feel free to wank," I purred, and undid the rest of my dress so I was totally naked.

As I stretched out, writhing on the floor, fondling my own tits, I soon had four blokes standing over me, cocks in hands. My shag-partner – now crashed out on a beanbag with a beer – seemed happy enough for them to watch me, as I reached down playing with the tacky strings of his spunk which were trickling out of my stretched hole.

"Tell you what," I teased. "Last one to finish gets to come in my mouth."

Funny how they all slowed down, rubbing their pricks as slowly as they could bear. One guy looked like he was fucking his own hand, holding it steady and bucking his hips so it slid in and out of his clenched fingers. His tip, all cherry red and

shiny, had me licking my lips, but I secretly hoped one of his mates, who had the most massive, heavy balls I'd seen in my life, would end up being the last one off.

Sadly, he was the first, but maybe it was better that way. He dropped down onto his knees and aimed his prick at my tits, showering them with his sticky white mess as I shoved them hard together. His balls swung inches from my face as he went to wipe his tip clean against my nipples, and I felt him squeeze out his final few drops of spunk.

I told them they had to come on different parts of my body. One kinky sod went straight for my feet, still in their high-heeled shoes. Another one used my belly-button ring as a target, filling up the hollow with spunk. Finally, when I seemed to be covered from head to toe with creamy goo, I realised there was just one bloke left. He wasn't in any hurry and I was happy just to stare at his cock. It wasn't the biggest I'd seen, but he knew how to use it – and keep in control.

I started licking my lips and that spurred him on a bit – soon his hand was a blur. "Kneel up," he groaned and I obliged – and, with his fingers tangled in my hair to hold my head steady, he slipped his cock in between my lips, the first burst of spunk hitting my tongue. What I didn't expect was for him to pull out almost right away, and loose the rest of his mess all over my face.

I felt like such a slut and by now my fuck-partner was ready for action. He led me into the bathroom and had me stand in the shower, so he could watch the spunk melt from my body. Then he had me on my hands and knees in the bath, and gave me a nice, slow screwing up my arse.

Name: Sharon
Home Town: Bangor
Age: 23
Marital Status: Single

I always had a secret crush on my flatmate's bloke, and I did feel jealous when I saw her all over him around the place. I fantasised about him a lot and wondered what he'd be like in bed, but only found out – well, indirectly – because when they spent the night together it was usually at his place.

"He aimed his prick at my tits"

"I clamped my thighs tight, pushing my fingers even further up myself"

One evening, though, I was reading in bed when she brought him home. She called out my name, just to see if I was in, and for whatever reason I didn't answer. The walls in our place were paper-thin, and I could hear them kissing – and her giggling as he nuzzled his way down to suck her boobs.

I knew what they were doing because they obviously liked talking dirty to each other, so I got a bit of a "running commentary". I heard her lips smacking as she started sucking his cock, and he told her to play with his balls, to rub them up against her chin.

I didn't actually lay a finger on myself until he went down on her, but as I heard him kissing and licking his way down her body, I started imagining I was her, and my hand crept down to my snatch. I had to bite my tongue to muffle my moans – they couldn't know I was there and listening to them.

Soon she was begging him to fuck her, and he had his fun tormenting her, telling her she was a slut. Finally – like he wasn't gagging for it himself – he put her out of her misery, telling her to get on all-fours. I pictured how they'd look, him kneeling in behind her, his big cock sticking up rigid and ready – and my fingers plunged deep into my hole.

My other hand was stroking my tits – and I let myself give out a few little whimpers. I reckoned they'd be too carried away to notice – and the thought of suddenly being caught was a bit of a turn-on too. I clamped my thighs tight, pushing my fingers even further up myself, just grinding them around inside me.

He was really going for it now, his crotch slapping up against her arse as he fucked her hard and fast. I felt like bursting in on them – I wanted him to make her come, then finish himself off inside my snatch. But I stayed where I was, frigging and fingering until a warm, shuddering orgasm washed over me. I felt another twinge of pleasure as I heard him tell her he was coming, then groan as he shot his load up her.

"A warm, shuddering orgasm washed over me"

My flatmate – well, ex-flatmate – has now moved in with him, and I'm going to stay with them in a few weeks. I wonder do they know I listened to them fucking, and will I get to wank to the same soundtrack again?

Name: Lesley
Home Town: Basingstoke
Age: 30
Marital Status: Engaged

My fiancée works in the music industry, and he's away from home a lot and open to temptation, so I make sure he's well aware of what he's missing!

The other week I couriered a package to his hotel – it contained a pair of panties and a video showing what I'd been doing in them. He'd have switched it on to see me sprawled out on the bed, naked except for these white cotton undies.

I started off by pulling them to one side, and

stroking my newly shaved pussy. Don always gets a thrill from taking his razor to my pubes, but he never complains if the job's already done for him. I pulled my labia wide apart, so he could see I was already juicing, then I bunched my fingers up and started fucking myself with them, my other hand strumming away at my clit. He's always got off on watching me wank, especially when he gets to slip his fingers, or even his cock inside me in those last seconds before I orgasm. He loves to feel my inner muscles clenching tight and rippling.

By the time I got myself off, my juices were all frothed up. The video had really picked up the wet, slurping sounds as my fingers pumped in and out. Then I pulled my panties back into place and started frigging myself again, rubbing my clit and slit through the soft white fabric. I chose cotton because it would really soak up my juices, and go see-through as it stuck to my folds. The gusset was pushed halfway up my snatch as I started coming a second time.

I bagged them up – I wanted them to stay moist and fresh by the time they got to Don – so he'd be able to sniff them as he wanked himself over the video. And I know for a fact that's what he did, as he sent the panties straight back to me, soaked in his spunk.

Being Don, with his slightly sick sense of humour, he told me the spunk came from a roadie mate of his, and that the whole crew had watched my wank video. But I've taken a mouthful of his cock often enough to know how he tastes – and the come on my panties was definitely his!

Name: **Anna-Maria**
Home Town: **Kingston**
Age: **29**
Marital Status: **Divorced**

I'll be honest, much as I love sex with men, I've always had my best orgasms wanking. Most of the time I'll just use my hands for a "quick fix", but my pleasure has reached new heights since I discovered sex toys.

I just love that feeling of being stuffed full and fucked so totally that it almost feels like overload, and I've found a way to get there.

I've got a few toys, including some novelty vibrators, but what works best for me are the simpler things. I like black rubber, and a few weeks back I bought a fairly chunky butt plug and a solid black rubberised dildo – both are realistically shaped, purely because the sight of a nice fat cock is an added turn-on, even if they're going to be hidden away inside me most of the time! I usually slip the butt plug in first, and my pussy feels even tighter when I'm sliding the dildo in. I've got pierced nipples, and I sometimes string a chain between them and hang little weights off it. They're not dangerously tight or heavy but they give the sensation of my nipples being tugged on with my every move.

Of course, I've got a vibrator to use on my clit, but that's not all. I've always found sucking cock a huge thrill, so I've got another realistic dildo, supposedly moulded from some porn star's cock, which I suck on as I'm grinding away. I'll admit that he's too big to deep throat – I've tried and failed a couple of times – but just sucking on the helmet and running my tongue over all the ridges is enough for me.

"My pussy feels even tighter when I'm sliding the dildo in"

The only problem is trying not to come too soon – fellas, you have my sympathy! It doesn't take me any time at all to reach that "almost there" phase, but stringing it out's a different matter. Even though I know the longer I hold off the more explosive it'll be, it's not always easy. And once I hit the brink I can't stop – my arse and pussy clamp tight around the toys inside them, and my tits ache so much with pleasure I can't

touch the chain or my piercings. Good thing I'm into multiple orgasms, or my wank-sessions would be over in seconds!

My dream is to meet a guy who'll get turned on by watching me pleasure myself like this – some men get freaked out by sex aids, which is silly. Even though nothing makes me come like my toys do, when I'm in the mood for cock there's no substitute!

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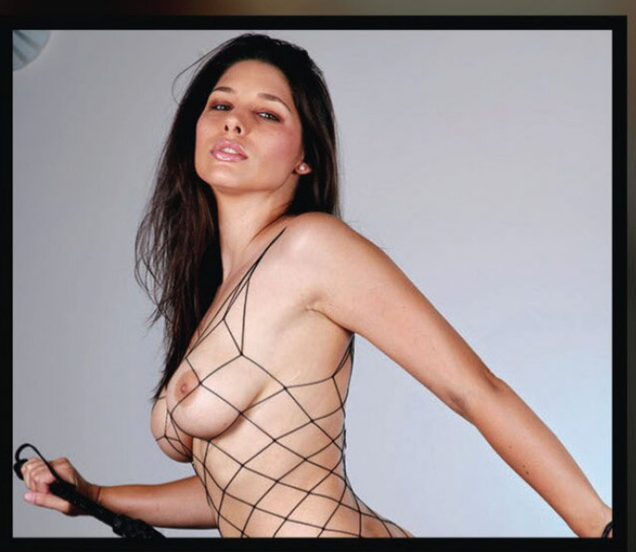

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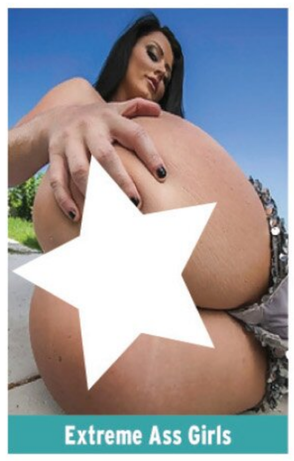
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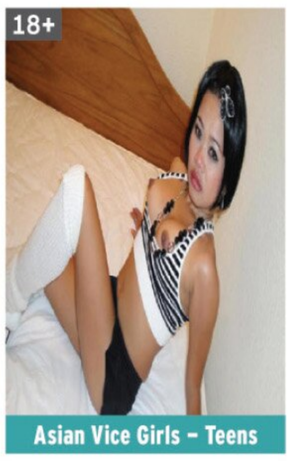

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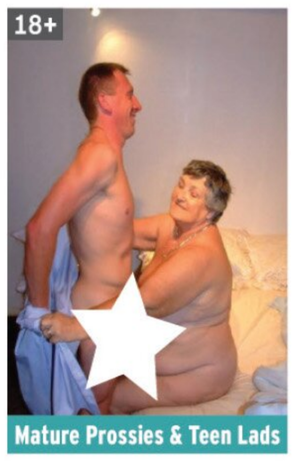

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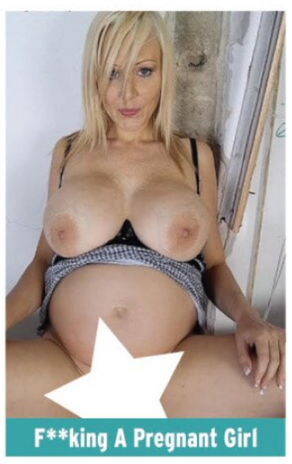
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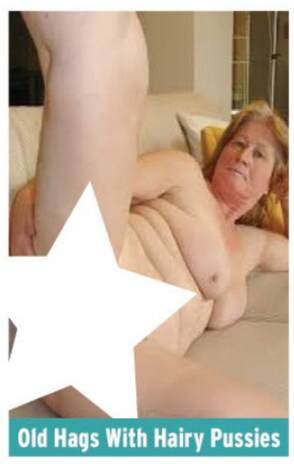
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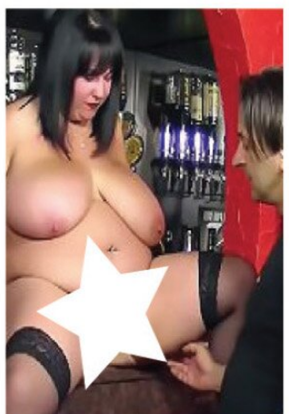
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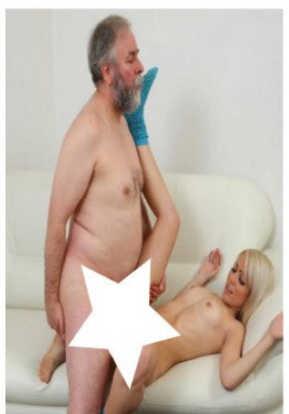
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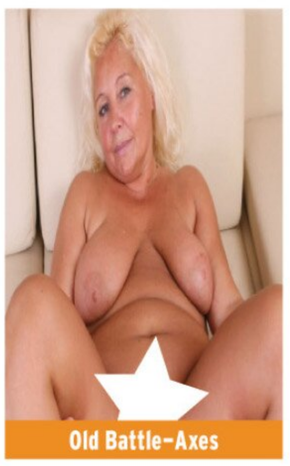
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HARDCORE COLLECTION 6

A TIGHT FIT

Firstly, congratulations on a fantastic magazine which has just got better and better in recent months. I used to wonder how you manage to find such awesome women who are willing to be so dirty for your cameras, as any girl I'd met who could be classed as a stunner was so aware of it, I can't imagine she'd put out for anyone apart from a stinking rich footballer or a plastic surgeon! Anyway, the other week I had an experience that gives me a raging stiffy every time I think about it.

I'm a carpet fitter by trade and on this particular occasion, my firm had been asked to lay some really expensive tiling in a big country house out of town. It was a two-man job and me and Alan drove there bright and early.

The door was opened by Jennifer and we nearly dropped the bloody tiles. She was gorgeous! Long dark hair, over six foot tall and a pair of tits that bulged through her skin-tight leotard like Lara Croft. We'd obviously arrived during her exercise routine as she was panting, flushed and sweaty with strands of hair stuck to her face with perspiration. She looked like she'd just been fucked, and my cock thought so too by the way it jerked into life.

Jennifer lived there with hubby, who was away in Switzerland and all those fantasies about the fit bird shagging the bit of rough workman whizzed around my head as she led us through to an enormous kitchen. Her arse cheeks wobbled just the right amount as we followed her and those long, lithe legs were crying out to be wrapped around my neck but we had work to do.

"I'll be in the gym if you need me," Jennifer said as she left, and I immediately began to think of an excuse to pay that gym a visit.

I waited about 10 minutes then went in search of her. It wasn't difficult as I could hear her huffing and puffing from the other end of the house.

I walked straight into the well-equipped exercise room and stood transfixed as Jennifer lay on a bench, pushing weights up into the air with her hands. Her legs were open and I stared at the crotch of her sweat-soaked leotard as she strained, her breasts juddering with each thrust of the bar.

"Enjoying the view?" Jennifer said as she caught me looking. "Don't just stand there, come and help me."

The mixture of perspiration and perfume filled my nostrils as I held the weighted bar for her. She smiled and spread her legs wider, looking me in the eye as she grunted with the exertion.

My dick was at full mast by now and she noticed. "Maybe I should hang some weights off that," Jennifer giggled and placed her hand directly on my swollen cock bulge. I didn't say a word as she nimbly unzipped my jeans and prised my manhood free. I was in shock, and stood there like a lemon as she wiggled her body up the bench and tickled the end of my knob with her glistening wet tongue.

"I could see the sticky love juice deep inside her heavenly hole"

I nearly shot my wad right there and then, but instead, leant down in order to get a handful of those fantastic tits. They were massive but firm, and as I pushed them together the nipples sprang to attention and pressed through the lycra.

I squeezed them as Jennifer's lips closed around my shaft and slid towards my balls. Pushing my hands beneath the taut material, I started to tweak the nipples quite hard and her muffled noises of delight told me she didn't mind at all as my fingers slipped across her wet skin.

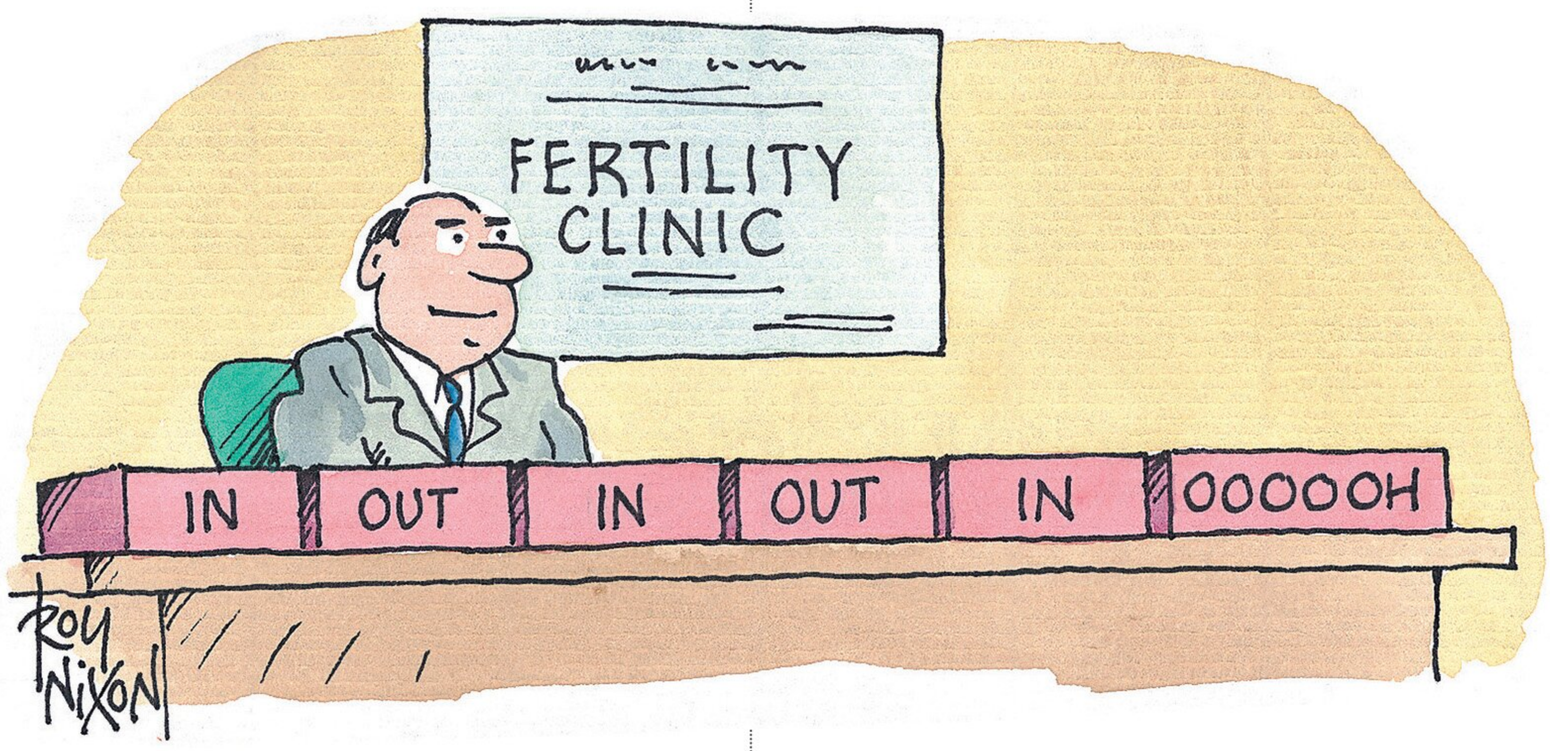
"Eat my cunt," she spluttered, allowing my cock to slide out of her mouth.

Hearing such a posh bird use language like that was a new one on me and I gratefully helped her peel the sodden leotard from her slim, tanned body. Christ, she was stunning and not only were those knockers even bigger than I'd thought but she had a shaven, bare pussy that was crying out for a good sucking.

Jennifer lay back on the bench and raised her legs until her knees were up by her shoulders.

Her cunt opened in front of me and I could see the sticky love juice deep inside her heavenly hole. I knelt down, gripped a thigh in each hand and flicked her protruding clit with my tongue.

"Stick it in!" She squealed, and I obliged, stuffing my whole tongue as deep up her gash as it would go. Her fanny muscles pulsed around my dick as I pumped in and out of her slushy twat, grinding those nipples between my thumb and forefinger to heighten her fever. I knew she was coming as I felt her thighs tense beneath my fingers,



but I opened my eyes as she climaxed because instead of a yell of lust, all I heard was a stifled moan. Alan was straddling her face and by the bulge in her cheek, our hostess was giving him some expert head. Although staring at my mate's arse wasn't exactly what I'd had in mind, the fact that this dirty fucker was screwing both of us made my tool as hard as hell and I had to fuck her.

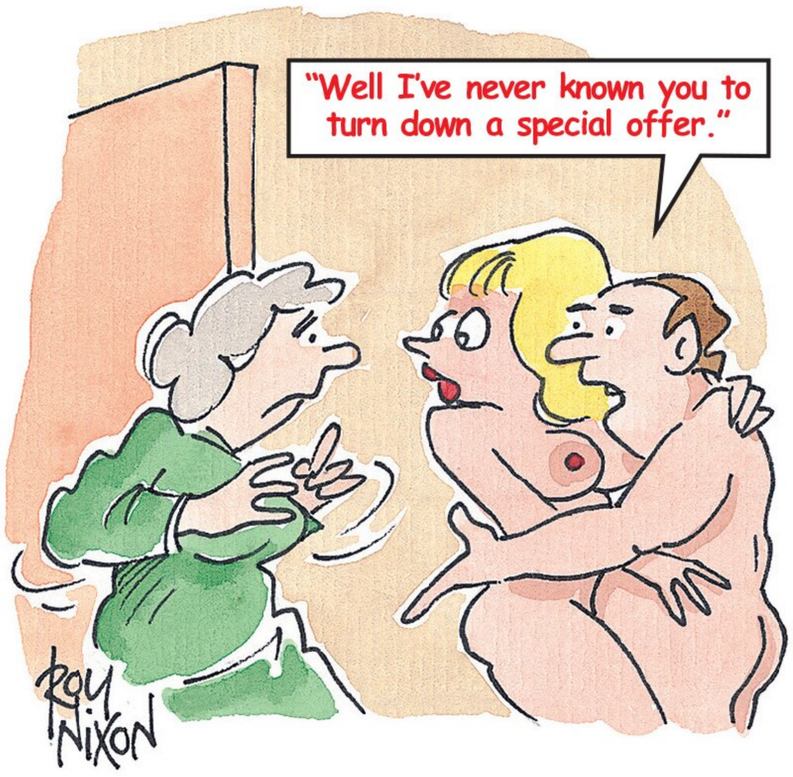
I lay on my back on the floor and pleaded with Jennifer to climb aboard, which she did as soon as Alan had pulled his thick prick out of her mouth. Her fat boobs swung over my face as I felt her soft cunt slide down my pole and nearly swallow my balls as well. She was so damned tight I thought that maybe I was in her arse by mistake, but I could see that Alan had got that entrance covered. He had positioned himself behind her and was sticking his meat between Jennifer's buttocks trying to find her tiny bumhole. He nearly joined me up her slit at one point as I felt his cock searching for an entry, but luckily Jennifer's yelp of excitement indicated my friend had hit his mark. It felt so weird fucking a girl's cunt while another guy screwed her butt, but once we'd sorted out some kind of rhythm it was easily the best sexual experience I'd ever had. As I thrust up her, Alan would pull out and when he shoved back up her arse, I'd slide out of her pussy. The feel of her insides undulating in time with our pistoning members was so fucking horny.

Lifting my head, I was able to suck on those gorgeous tits as Jennifer came over our cocks again and again. Alan was first to withdraw and sprayed his mess all over Jennifer's arse and back. I lasted another few seconds before squirting my load into the depths of that lovely twat.

Jennifer took it in turns to suck our dicks clean before heading off to the shower, leaving us to grin inanely at each other. That wasn't the only time we helped the lovely Jennifer to exercise, which is probably why her hubby moaned that it took nearly a week to lay his new floor instead of a day and a half!

Martin, Gloucester

"I pumped in and out of her slushy twat"



Still hungry for more? Then help is at hand. *Mayfair X* is our seriously filthy website, where you'll find more letters and all the photos we're not allowed to print in the magazine. Or email your own story to mayfair@pr-org.co.uk. Then tell your mates on the Mayfair message board! Just visit **www.sexclub.co.uk/mayfairx**

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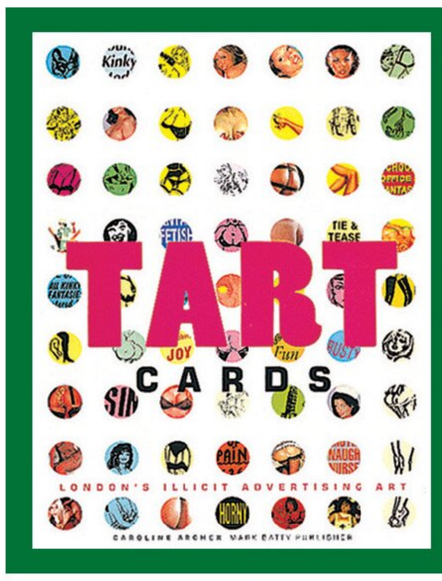
SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

Another month, another hulk of products on the market with only one thing in mind - your wallet. Let's take a look at the latest wrist action...

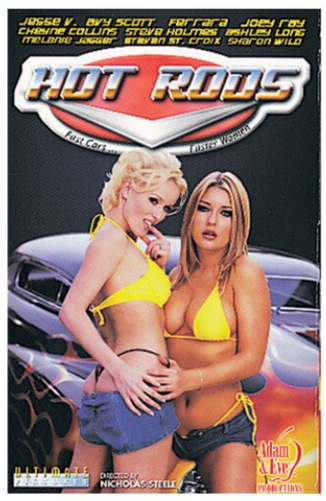


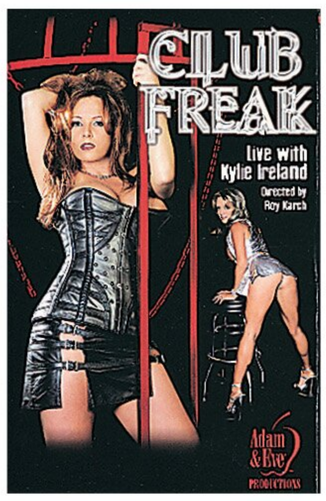
TART ART

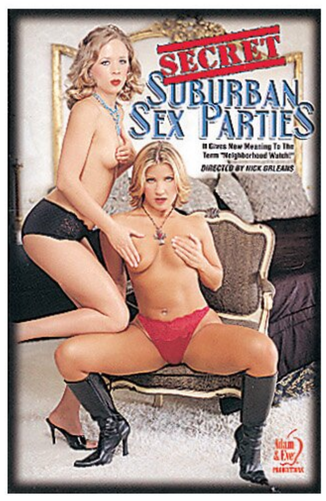
If you've ever used a city phone box, you'll probably be familiar with the difficulty in finding a coin slot in amongst the mass of prostitutes' calling cards. Offering all kinds of different sex services (and more often than not featuring a picture scanned in from Mayfair) the cards have inspired a book all about the underground industry. The card designs, the people who stick them up, the women being advertised, and the men who take notice; all are covered in *Tart Cards* by Caroline Archer. It's an intriguing book, nicely polished (unlike most of the cards), and yours to buy for £19.99. Which, for any punter, is probably the cost of a blowjob. Makes you think, eh?

AMERICAN EXCESS

Fresh from the explicit vaults of American porn producers Adam & Eve come three spunk-soaked movies to add some extra heat to the remains of summer. *Stud Hunters*, *Secret Suburban Sex Parties*, and *Club Freak*, feature a stunning line-up of naked goddesses doing obscene things with massive-dicked men. They get the thumbs up from us (which is nothing compared to what the actresses get up them), and to order your copy log on to **www.adameve.com**.





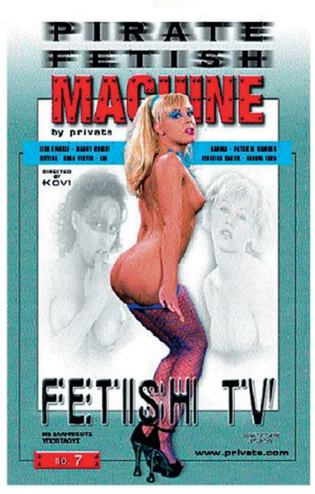


FEELING SHIRTY

If you're looking for a t-shirt that has something a bit more interesting on it than 'I'm drunk' or a picture of Hong Kong Phooey, try the Smash Corporation, whose latest clothing line includes some slightly sexy images of birds. At least we think that's what they are. At £30 a pop, we at least hope they don't fade in the wash, and to get hold of yours contact myshop@foundry, 86 Great Eastern St., London EC2A. And no, the girl isn't included.

PRIVATE MATTERS

New from porno emperors Private come two meaty videos to get your eyes stuck into. First up is a cock-hardening compilation in the sweaty shape of *24 Karat*, a 'best of' selection from some of Private's coolest boning tapes. If you're after something a little bit more... weird, then the series *Fetish Machine* is just up your PVC path. Some people aren't keen on the whole fetish scene, but as far as we're concerned, if in amongst all that rubber there's a vagina, then we're game, and the latest episode is rammed with leather-clad cuties getting rammed like there's no tomorrow. You can get a piece of the visual action by clicking on **www.private.com**.



MAYFAIR Classic

It's time once more to take a look at a *Mayfair* maiden from times gone by, and this month, we're heading back to Volume 12 Number 5 to let Suzy sweep you off your feet. Take it away, golden girl!

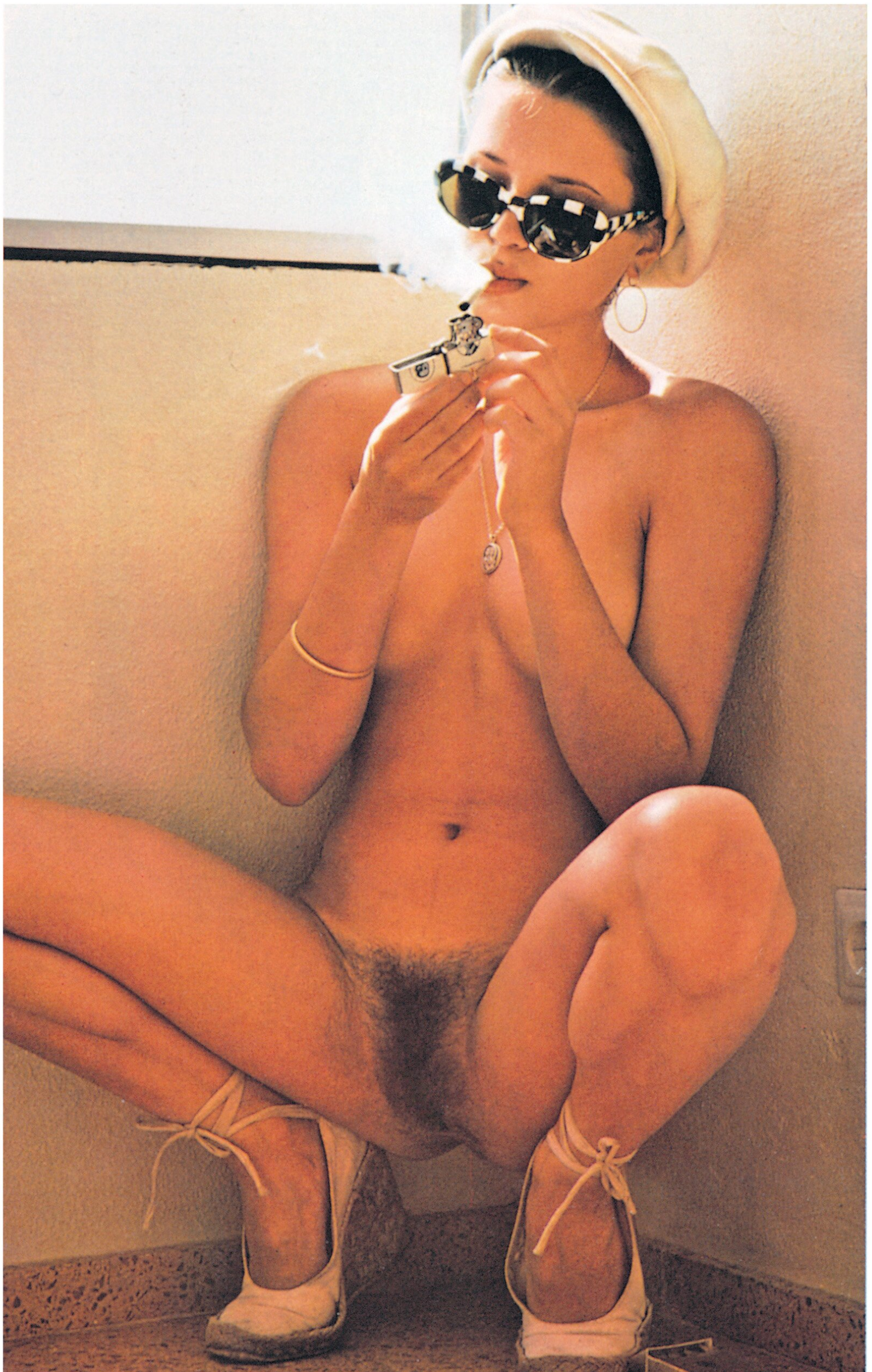
SUZY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

Royalty flows through the blood of 21-year-old Suzanne Setchell, in spirit, if not in fact. Born within sight of Windsor Castle's famous Round Tower, she's a dedicated royalist. 'Not in a sickly, sentimental way,' she insists. 'In fact I really prefer the historical royals – I started my "A" Level in medieval history, and Henry VIII was my favourite; leaping on unsuspecting chambermaids in the royal corridors. That didn't happen when I was skivvying.' Not

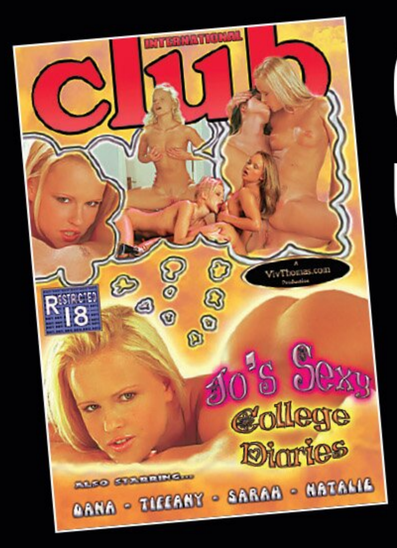
MAYFAIR Classic

a likely occupation for someone so exquisitely proportioned – 33–22–33 – as 5 feet 3 inch Suzy. 'Nor is working in a sweet factory,' she agrees readily, 'but I've done that as well.' It happened she says, when she was trying to be an actress; she started to work on the production line at a factory in nearby Slough which makes 'those lovely bars that help you work, rest and play. But then I was asked to audition for a really good musical opening in Yorkshire so I had to give up the job and then didn't get the part! I really wanted that experience.' Oddly enough her two stage appearances were very down-to-earth



characters, in a northern production of John Arden's *Live Like Pigs*, and as a nymphomaniac maid in a Brian Rix-type farce. 'Not really typecasting,' she says. 'They really wanted someone with a huge chest. I had so much cotton wool tucked down my cleavage I'm sure I could have turned round inside my costume if I'd moved too quickly!' Home now in a quiet corner of Stoke Poges, she's re-adjusting to everyday life. 'I decided there had to be easier ways of earning a living and I did need a rest. We're still quite near Windsor and I go there a lot. It's very restful, almost timeless in the best parts; I love taking a boat out on the Thames in summer. But perhaps a nice regal part might draw me back to the theatre.' A royal progress to you, Suzy.

MAYFAIR Classic



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NEXT MONTH

Where do we find all these amazing women? It's what many readers ponder as each new issue of Mayfair rolls off the press, and we must admit we're sometimes amazed ourselves. But you know, it's best never to question, and instead just accept that we're going to continue featuring stunning women

taking their clothes off for ever more! Deal? Good. Next month's sextravaganza includes glorious solo sets by Angel and Monica, porn starlet Hannah Harper and a dirty duo in the guise of Kirsty and Sandy. So to get your hands on the best-looking women in the world… well, you know what to do. Buy Mayfair!

Volume 38 Number 11
ON SALE October 9th

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THE UK'S NUMBER 1 ADULT MAGAZINES HAVE GONE DIGITAL!

The future's bright, the future's a sweaty coupling with this orange-haired housewife from the Midlands. "Even if I didn't have this bright hair do, you couldn't miss me on the dance floor of my local clubs," admits 24-year-old April. "I'll be the one dirty dancing with all the blokes and dragging them into the toilets for a bit of how's your father!"
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